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R L

BURNS.
My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, JR.

VOL. XXXIX.

BURNS AND MACNEILL.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL F. BRADFORD,

FOR

JOHN LAWRE

William Brown, Printer.

1822.

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1895

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

SONGS.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

Tune, 'John Anderson, my jo.'

How cruel are the parents
  Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby,
  Poor women sacrifice.
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
  Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
  Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
  The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
  Awhile her pinions tries;
Till of escape despairing,
  No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
  And drops beneath his feet.

SONG.

Tune, 'Deil tak the Wars.'

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day.
O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing [soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein Love's raptures roll.

SONG.

Tune, 'This is no my ain House.'

CHORUS.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
O weel I ken my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.
O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

SCOTTISH SONG.

Now spring has clad the groves in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe?

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save thy linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
  And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
  In morning's rosy eye;
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
  Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
  Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
  Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
  So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is, 'hope nae mair,'
  What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save despair,
  Nae kinder spirits dwell.

SCOTTISH SONG.

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
  That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
  It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
  How pure amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
  They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
  That *crimson rose, how* sweet and fair!

But love is a far sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I, the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

WRITTEN

On the blank leaf of a copy of his Poems presented to a Lady, whom he had often celebrated under the name of Chloris.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair Friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower).

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
  On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
  Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
  With every muse to rove:
And doubly were the poet blest
  These joys could he improve.

ENGLISH SONG.

Tune, 'Let me in this ae night.'

Forlorn, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
  At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

O wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
  And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
  Save in those arms of thine, love.
    O wert, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.
O wert, &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert, &c.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Tune, 'The Lothian Lassie.'

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked, for Jean,
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
I glow'rd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glow'rd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Least neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet,
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin,

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I would kill him wi' sorrow:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow,

FRAGMENT.

Tune, 'The Caledonian Hunt's Delight.'

Why, why tell thy lover,
  Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
  And give all his hopes the lie?

O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,
  Chloris, Chloris all the theme;
Why, why wouldst thou cruel,
  Wake thy lover from his dream?

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Tune, 'Balinamona ora.'

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher; the nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.
Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
Then hey, &c.

SONG.

Tune, 'Here's a health to them that's awa, hiney.'

CHORUS.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;

But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

SONG.

Tune, 'Rothermurche.'

CHORUS.

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou were wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear!
O, did not love exclaim, 'Forbear,
'Nor use a faithful lover so?'
Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O, let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
  In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
    Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithly sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
  In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
    Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
  The Birks of Aberfeldy.
    Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers
  The Birks of Aberfeldy.
    Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
  In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
    Bonnie lassie, &c.

STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME?

Tune, 'An Gille dubh ciar dhubh.'

Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
Well you know how much you grieve me;
  Cruel charmer, can you go?
  Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited;
By the faith you fondly plighted;
By the pangs of lovers slighted;
  Do not, do not leave me so!
  Do not, do not leave me so!

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

Thickest night o'erhang my dwelling!
  Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
  Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
  Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
  Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
  Wrongs injurious to redress,

Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens deny'd success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune, 'Morag.'

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where're he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden:
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithly singing,
And every flower be springing,
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

Tune, 'M'Grigor of Rero's Lament.'

Raving winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring.
'Farewell, hours that late did measure
'Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
'Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
'Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

'O'er the past too fondly wandering,
'On the hopeless future pondering,
'Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
'Fell despair my fancy seizes.
'Life, thou soul of every blessing,
'Load to misery most distressing,
'O how gladly I'd resign thee,
'And to dark oblivion join thee!'

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune, 'Druimion dubh.'

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
  Yielding late to nature's law;
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
  Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
  Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
  Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
  Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
  Talk of him that's far awa!

BLITHE WAS SHE.

Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
  Blithe was she but and ben:
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
  And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
  On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
  But Phemie was a bonnier lass
  Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
    Blithe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
  Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
  As light's a bird upon a thorn.
    Blithe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lee;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blithe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blithe, &c.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

Tune, 'N. Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny.'

Where braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochels rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes.
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant death with grim control
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Tune, 'Invercald's Reel.'

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye would nae been sae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure:
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
O Tibble, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
The deil a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I would na gie her in her sark,
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark;
Ye need na look sae high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie:
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes!

No other light shall guide my steps
  Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
  Has blest my glorious day:
And shall a glimmering planet fix
  My worship to its ray?

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

Tune, 'Seventh of November.'

The day returns, my bosom burns,
  The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
  Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
  And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
  Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
  Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above, my mind can move,
  For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below
  Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
  It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

THE LAZY MIST.

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year,
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown;
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues;
How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain:
How little of life's scanty span may remain:
What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn;
What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn.
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
This life's not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL!

Tune, 'My love is lost to me.'

O, Were I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my muse's well,
My muse maun be they bonnie sel;

On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,
  And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
I coudna sing, I coudna say,
  How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist say jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en—
  By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And ay I muse and sing thy name,
  I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
    Till then—and then I love thee.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Tune, 'Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.'

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
  I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
  The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
  And mony a hill between;

But day and night my fancy's flight
  Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
  I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
  I hear her charm the air;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
  By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
  But minds me o' my Jean.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
  The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
  But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
  Hersel in beauty's bloom the whyle,
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
  Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
  Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
  Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
  Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
  Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, &c.

THE BLUE-EY'D LASSIE.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
  A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
  Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
  Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white;—
  It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
  She charm'd my soul, I wist na how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
  Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
  She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
  To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

Tune 'Robie Donna Gorach.'

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
  Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
  Whare Commins ance had high command:
When shall I see that honour'd land,
  That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
  For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
  Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom;
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
  Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!
Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
  Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
  Amang the friends of early days!

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John,
  When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
  Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John
  Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
  John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
  We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
  We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
  But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
  John Anderson my jo.

TAM GLEN.

My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
  Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity;
  But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
  In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
  If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,
  'Guid day to you, brute,' he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
  But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
  And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
  But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
  He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
  O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
  My heart to my mou gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
  And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie,
My Tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He can na hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airl-penny,
My Tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

THEN GUIDWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

GANE is the day and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And bluid-red wine's the rysin sun.

Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,
Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen';
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then guidwife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.
Then guidwife count, &c.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO W
AN AULD MAN?

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young las
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minni
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
Bad luck on the pennie, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cank
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellow
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-br
him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new p

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
  Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
  Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish
  In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
  Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
  In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
  Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
    Bonnie wee, &c.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

Tune, 'The Moudiewort.'

An O, for ane and twenty, Tam!
  An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
  An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.
An O, for ane, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam:
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
An O, for ane, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam!
An O, for ane, &c.

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

O Leeze me on my spinning wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;

The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blithe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the claver hay,
The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning wheel?

COUNTRY LASSIE.

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;

Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
  Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will;
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
  O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
  And lassie, ye're but young ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
  A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
  Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonny hen,
  It's plenty beets the luver's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
  I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
  He has nae luve to spare for me:
But blithe's the blinks o' Robie's e'e,
  And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie
  For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
  The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
  A hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
  An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
  Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
  And gear will buy me sheep and kye;

But the tender heart o' leesome luve,
  The gowd and siller canna buy:
We may be poor—Robie and I,
  Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and luve brings peace and joy,
  What mair hae queens upon a throne?

FAIR ELIZA.

A GAELIC AIR.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
  Ae kind blink before we part,
Rew on thy despairing lover!
  Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
  If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
  Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
  The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
  Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
  Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
  Ae sweet smile on me bestow

Not the bee upon the blossom,
  In the pride o' sinny noon;

Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens on his e'e
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture;
That thy presence gies to me.

THE POSIE.

O LUVE will venture in, where it daur na weel be seen,
O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my own dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For its like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou;
The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond-draps o' dew shall be her e'en sae clear:
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
An a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remuve,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
  That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
  Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
  To see the rose and woodbine twine!
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
  And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
  Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
  But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
  The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
Willie was a wabster guid,
  Cou'd stown a clue wi' onie bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
  O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;

Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
  The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
  A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;

A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein shinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther;
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water;

Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair.
Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, *O farewell for ever*,
Is anguish unmingl'd and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
  Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
  Since my last hope and last comfort is gone;
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
  Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
  Parting wi' Nancy, Oh, ne'er to meet mair.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE!

WILT thou be my dearie?
  When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee?
  By the treasure of my soul,
And that's the love I bear thee!
  I swear and vow, that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.
  Only thou, I swear and vow,
  Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
  Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me:
  If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me;
  Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
  Lassie, let me quickly die,
  Trusting that thou lo'es me.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
  I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
  And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in wi' rowth o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear,
But woman is but warld's gear,
  Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
  To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
  A woman has't by kind:
O woman lovely, woman fair!
An angel form's faun to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,
  I mean an angel mind.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,

Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

BONNIE BELL.

The smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly winter grimly flies:
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;

Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
And yellow autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
Till smiling spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging
I adore my bonnie Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Where Cart rins rowin to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, a lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gie it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees rejoice in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

LOUIS WHAT RECK I BY THEE?

Louis what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar louns to me,
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me:
Kings and nations, swith awa!
Reif randies, I disown ye!

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

My heart is sair, I dare nae tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!

Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody!

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And ay the saut tear blins her e'e:
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Tune, 'Finlayston House.'

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart:
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

O MAY, THY MORN.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will ay remember.
And dear, &c.

And here's to them, that, like oursel,
  Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
  May a' that guid watch o'er them;
And here's to them, we dare na tell,
  The dearest o' the quorum.
  And here's to, &c.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

O, WAT ye wha's in yon town,
  Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
  That e'enin sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
  She wanders by yon spreading tree:
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
  Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
  And welcome in the blooming year,
And doubly welcome be the spring,
  The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
  And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
  And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
  O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
  And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
  Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
  That I wad tent and shelter there.

O, sweet is she in yon town,
  Yon sinkin sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town,
  His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
  And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
  But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
  Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form!
  She has the truest, kindest heart.

A RED, RED ROSE.

O, MY luve's like a red, red rose,
  That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve's like the melodie
  That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
  So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
  Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
  And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
  While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
  And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
  Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
  Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
  And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
  The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
  And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
  Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
  Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
  Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
  Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
  And by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
  Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—Libertie!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

COPY OF A POETICAL ADDRESS TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER,

WITH A PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

Revered defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for K—— G—— I most heartily
join,
The Q——, and the rest of the gentry,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night;
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

CALEDONIA.

Tune, 'Caledonian Hunt's Delight.'

THERE was once a day, but old Time then was young,
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heaveniy relations there fixed her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew:
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,—
'Whoe'er shall provoke thee, the' encounter shall rue!'
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn,
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
  The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;
The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth
  To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore:
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
  No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
  As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

The cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
  With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
  And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
  Oft prowling, ensanguin'd, the Tweed's silver flood;
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
  He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
  Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
  I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
  The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledoniona's the hypothenuse;
  Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.

The following Poem was written to a Gentleman w had sent him a Newspaper, and offered to continu free of Expense.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
And faith, to me, 'twas really new!
How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin;
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin;
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the twalt:
If Denmark, any body spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin,
How libbet Italy was singin;
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin or takin aught amiss:
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court kept up the game:
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin,
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin,
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin;

How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;
If that daft buckie, Geordie W***s,
Was threshen still at hizzies' tails,
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser,
A' this and mair I never heard of;
And but for you I might despair'd of.
So gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray, a' guid things may attend you!

Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
'Mang heaps o' clavers;
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud, the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives:

Wee Pope, the knurlin, till him rives
Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches:
'Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian, share
A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan!
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tamtallan,
But thou's for ever.

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel;
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin love,
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

ON THE

BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE EARL OF MAR.

'O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
'Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
'Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
'And did the battle see, man?'
I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reeken-red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart, for fear, gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades
  To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
  And many a bouk did fa' man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles:
They hack'd and hash'd, while broadswords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
  Till fey men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
  And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
  And covenant true blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
  They fled like frighted doos, man.

'O how deil Tam can that be true?
  'The chase gaed frae the north, man:
'I saw myself, they did pursue
  'The horseman back to Forth, man;
'And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
'They took the brig wi' a' their might,
'And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
'But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
'And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
  'For fear amaist did swarf, man.'

My sister Kate cam up the gate
  Wi' crowdie unto me, man;

She swore she saw some rebels run
  Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' blood to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
  And so it goes you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
  Amang the Highland clans, man;
I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
  Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
But mony bade the world guid-night;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
  And whigs to hell did flee, man.

SKETCH.—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

This day, Time winds the' exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer,
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
—That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me a moralizing,
This day's propitious to be wise in.
First, what did yesternight deliver?
'Another year is gone for ever.'
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
'The passing moment's all we rest on!'
Rest on—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies:
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woeful night.—

: then, my honour'd, first of friends,
ıis poor being all depends;
ıs the' important *nog* employ,
live as those that never die.
you, with days and honours crown'd,
ess that filial circle round,
ght life's sorrows to repulse,
ht pale envy to convulse,)
rs now claim your chief regard;
ıelf, you wait your bright reward.

MPORE, on the late Mr. William Smellie,
r of the Philosophy of Natural History, and
ber of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies of
burgh.

To Crochallan came
l cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;
stling beard just rising in its might,
our long nights and days to shaving-night,
:omb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd,
, for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;
' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
rt was warm, benevolent, and good.

POETICAL INSCRIPTION

For an Altar to Independence, at Kerroughtry, the Seat of Mr. Heron; written in Summer, 1795.

Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

SONNET OF THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ.

OF GLEN RIDDEL; APRIL, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul:
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round the' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
And sooth *the Virtues* weeping on this bier:
The *Man of Worth*, and has not left his peer,
Is in his 'narrow house' for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
  How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened!
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
  How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
  From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
  Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unlov'd.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
  So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
  And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower,
  We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed;

But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but ru'd the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

ANSWER to a Mandate sent by the Surveyor of the Windows, Carriages, &c. to each Farmer, ordering him to send a signed List of his Horses, Servants, Wheel-Carriages, &c., and whether he was a married Man or a Bachelor, and what Children they had.

Sir, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,
My horses, servants, carts, and graith,
To which I'm free to tak my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew before a pettle.
My *hand-a-fore*, a guid auld has-been,
And wight and wilfu' a' his days seen;
My *hand-a-hin*, a guid brown filly,
Wha aft hae borne me safe frae Killie,
And your auld borough mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime:
My *fur-a-hin*, a guid grey beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd:
The fourth, a Highland Donald hasty,
A d-mn'd red-wud, Kilburnie blastie.
For-by a cowte, of cowtes the wale,
As ever ran before a tail;
An' he be spar'd to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel carriages I hae but few,
Three carts, and twa are feckly new;
An auld wheel-barrow, mair for token,
Ae leg and baith the trams are broken;
I made a poker o' the spindle,
And my auld mither brunt the trundle.
For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run-deils for rantin and for noise;
A gadsman ane, a thresher t'other,
Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.
I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
And often labour them completely,
And ay on Sundays duly nightly,
I on the questions tairge them tightly,
Till faith wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,
(Tho' *scarcely* langer than my leg,)

He'll screed you off *effectual calling*,
As fast as ony in the dwalling.

I've nane in female servant station,
Lord keep me ay frae a' temptation!
I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,
And ye hae laid nae tax on misses;
For weans I'm mair than well contented,
Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted;
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddie in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace.
But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady,
I've said enough for her already,
And if ye tax her or her mither,
By the L—d ye'se get them a' thegither!

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of license out I'm taking.
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;
I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thanked!
And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
The day and date as under noted;
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic

ROBERT BURNS

SONG.

Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my highland lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea:
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,

That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around the highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my highland lassie, O!

IMPROMPTU,

ON MRS. ——'s BIRTH-DAY.

NOVEMBER 4, 1793.

OLD Winter with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer prefer'd;
What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;

Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me;
'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.

ADDRESS TO A LADY.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
  On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
  I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
  Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
  To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
  Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
  If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
  Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown,
  Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

MISS JESSY L———, DUMFRIES;

With Books which the Bard presented her.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer;
That fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss enrol thy name:
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, *the Bard.*

SONNET, written on the 25th of January, 1793, the Birth-day of the Author, on hearing a Thrush sing in a morning Walk.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;
The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll share.

---

*EXTEMPORE, to Mr. S**E, on refusing to dine with him, after having been promised the first of Company, and the first of Cookery; 17th December,* 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

---

*TO Mr. S**E, with a Present of a Dozen of Porter.*

O, HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that e'en for S**e were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Tune, 'Push about the Jorum.'

APRIL, 1795.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
  Then let the loons beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
  And volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
  And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
  On British ground to rally!
Fall de rall, &c.

O let us not like snarling tykes
  In wrangling be divided;
Till slap come in an unco loon
  And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
  Amang oursels united;
For never but by British hands
  Maun British wrangs be righted.
Fall, de rall, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
  Perhaps a claut may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
  Shall ever ca' a nail in't.

Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it;
By heaven the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.
Fall de rall, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
May they be damned together!
Who will not sing, 'God save the King,'
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, 'God save the King,'
We'll ne'er forget the People.

POEM,

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the poet, tried and leal,
Wha wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,
In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That *one pound one*, I sairly want it:
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;

And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
I'd bear't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket:
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
A tentier way:
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye.

Sent to a gentleman whom he had offended.

The friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send;
(Not moony madness more astray;)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was the' insensate frenzied part,
Ah why should I such scenes outlive!
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

POEM ON LIFE.

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER, DUMFRIES, 1796.

My honour'd colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it;
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it;
And fortune favour worth and merit,
As they deserve:
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;
Syne wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Ay wavering like the willow wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrans by a rattan,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
He's off like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! amen!

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACH.

Mr curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Ay mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, *cutty-stools*,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,

And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Tooth-ach, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of *discord* squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;—
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-ach!

SONG.

Tune, 'Morag.'

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping.

CHORUS.

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' woman kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Ere while thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming.
O that's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
  And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
  But her by thee is slighted;
  And thou art all delighted.
    O that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one;
  When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
  But her thou hast deserted,
  And thou art broken-hearted.—
    O that's, &c.

SONG.

JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss,
  O'er the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
  Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
  Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
  Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
  O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
  Sweetly blithe his waukening be!

He will think on her he loves,
  Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
  Jockey's heart is still at hame.

SONG.

Mr Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms,
These are all immortal charms.

WRITTEN

n a Wrapper enclosing a Letter to Capt. Grose, to be left with Mr. Cardonnel, Antiquarian.

Tune, 'Sir John Malcolm.'

Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo, & ago,
If he's amang his friends or foes,
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North?
Igo, & ago,
Or drowned in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?
Igo, & ago,
And eaten like a weather-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
Igo, & ago,
Or haudin Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!
Igo, & ago,
As for the deil, he daur na steer him.
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit the' enclosed letter,
Igo, & ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor.
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo, & ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore.
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo, & ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.

OF FINTRY,

ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
If aught that giver from my mind efface;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
Then roll to me, along your wandering spher
Only to number out a villain's years!

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

An honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O thou, who kindly dost provide
  For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
  For all thy goodness lent:
And, if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,
  May never worse be sent;
But whether granted, or denied,
  Lord, bless us with content!
Amen!

To my dear and much honour'd Friend, Mrs.. of Dunlop.

ON SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

A VERSE composed and repeated by Burns to the Master of the House, on taking leave, at a Place in the Highlands, where he had been hospitably entertained.

When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
Than just a highland welcome.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

Bonny Doon, sae sweet and gloamin,
Fare thee weel before I gang!
Bonny Doon, whare, early roaming,
First I weav'd the *rustic sang!*

Bowers, adieu, whare Love, decoying,
First inthrall'd this heart o' mine,
There the saftest sweets enjoying,—
Sweets that Mem'ry ne'er shall tyne!

Friends, so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear;
But, alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O, how severe!

Friends! that parting tear reserve it,
  Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me!
Could I think I did deserve it,
  How much happier would I be!

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Now a sad and last adieu!

MISCELLANEOUS

POETRY

SELECTED FROM

THE RELIQUES

OF

ROBERT BURNS;

FIRST PUBLISHED BY

R. H. CROMEK.

[redacted]

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY,

&c.

VERSES WRITTEN AT SELKIRK.

I.

AULD chuckie *Reekie's** sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel burnish't crest,
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest
Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie's awa!

II.

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco' slight;
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
And trig an' braw:
But now they'll busk her like a fright,
Willie's awa!

III.

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd,
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;

* Edinburgh.

They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law:
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,
Willie's awa!

IV.

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw;
He wha could brush them down to mool
Willie's awa!

V.

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaume
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamou
He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a';
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer,
Willie's awa!

VI.

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and Poets pour,†]
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw!
The adjutant o' a' the core,
Willie's awa!

* The Chamber of Commerce of Edinburgh, of whi was Secretary.

† Many literary gentlemen were accustomed to m C—'s house at breakfast.

VII.

Now worthy G*****y's Latin face,
T****r's and G**********'s modest grace;
M'K****e, S****t, such a brace
As Rome ne'er saw;
They a' maun meet some ither place,
Willie's awa!

VIII.

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
He cheeps like some bewildered chicken,
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
By hoodie-craw;
Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin',
Willie's awa!

IX.

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' blellum,
And Calvin's fock, are fit to fell him;
And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw;
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
Willie's awa!

X.

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled,
Willie's awa!

XI.

May I be slander's common speech;
A text for infamy to preach;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw;
When I forget thee! Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa!

XII.

May never wicked fortune touzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle him
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem!
He canty claw!
Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa!

LIBERTY,

A FRAGMENT.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred s
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead!
Beneath that hallowed turf where Walla
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.—

this the power in freedom's war
That want to bid the battle rage?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
One quenched in darkness like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAUX.*

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
Nae mair shall fear him;
Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care
E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,
Except the moment that they crush't him;
For sune as chance or fate had husht 'em
Tho' e'er sae short,
Then wi' a rhyme or song he lasht 'em,
And thought it sport.—

Tho' he was bred to kintra wark,
And counted was baith wight and stark,

* *Ruisseaux*—a play on his own name.

Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man;
But tell him he was learn'd and clark,
Ye roos'd him then

GUIDWIFE.

A FRAGMENT.†

I MIND it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate
An' first could thresh the barn,
Or haud a yokin at the pleugh,
An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn.

Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power)
A wish, that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast;
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan, or beuk could make,
Or sing a song at least.

The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd my weeding heuk aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear.

* * * *

* *Ye roos'd*—ye prais'd.
† March 1787.

THE LOYAL NATIVE VERSES.[*]

Ye sons of sedition, give ear to my song,
Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell, pervade every throng,
With, Craken the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack.

BURNS—Extempore.

Ye true 'Loyal Natives,' attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From *envy* and hatred your corps is exempt;
But where is your shield from the *darts of contempt?*

* At this period of our Poet's life, when political animosity was made the ground of private quarrel, the following foolish verses were sent as an attack on Burns and his friends for their political opinions. They were written by some member of a club styling themselves the *Loyal Natives* of Dumfries, or rather by the united genius of that club, which was more distinguished for drunken loyalty, than either for respectability or poetical talent. The verses were handed over the table to Burns at a convivial meeting, and he instantly endorsed the subjoined reply.

Reliques, p. 168.

TO J. LAPRAIK.

Sept. 13th, 1785.

Guid speed an' furder to you, Johny,
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bony;
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany
The staff o' bread,
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' brany
To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
Like drivin' wrack;
But may the tapmast grain that wags
Come to the sack.

I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it,
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it,
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it
Wi' muckle wark,
An' took my jocteleg* an' whatt it,
Like ony clerk.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
On holy men,
While deil a hair yoursel ye're better,
But mair profane.

* Jocteleg—a knife.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
Let's sing about our noble sels;
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help, or roose us,
But browster wives* and whiskie stills,
They are the muses.

Your friendship, Sir, I winna quat it,
An' if ye mak' objections at it,
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
An' witness take,
An' when wi' Usquebae we've wat it
It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spar'd
Till kye be gaun without the herd,
An' a' the vittel in the yard,
An' theckit right,
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ
Shall make us baith sae blithe an' witty,
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,
An' be as canty
As ye were nine years less than thretty,
Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
An' now the sinn keeks in the west,
Then I maun rin amang the rest
An' quat my chanter;
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
Your's, Rab the Ranter.

* *Browster wives*—Alehouse wives.

TO THE REV. JOHN McMATH,

ENCLOSING A COPY OF HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER, HE HAD REQUESTED.

Sept. 178

WHILE at the stook the shearers cow'r
To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r,
Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet
Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
Lest they should blar
An' rouse their holy thunder on it
And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
That I, a simple, countra bardie,
Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Louse h-ll upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighan, cantan, grace-prood faces,
Their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile gra
Their raxan conscienc
Whas greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonse

There's *Gaun*,* miska't waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
Wha sae abus't him,
An' may a bard no crack his jest
What way they've use't him.

See him,† the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word an' deed,
An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
By worthless skellums,
An' not a muse erect her head
To cowe the blellums?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
To gie the rascals their deserts,
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
An' tell aloud
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
Nor am I even the thing I cou'd be,
But twenty times, I rather would be,
An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be,
Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,

* Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

† The poet has introduced the two first lines of this stanza into the dedication of his works to Mr. Hamilton.

But mean revenge, an' malice fause,
He'll still disdain,
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken.

Then take religion in their mouth;
Then talk o' mercy, grace an' truth,
For what? to gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
To ruin streight.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee;
To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee.

Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain,
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain
To join with those,
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite o' undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit,
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
But hellish spirit.

O Ayr, my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbytereal bound
A candid lib'ral band is found
Of public teachers,
As men, as christians too renown'd,
An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd;
Sir, in that circle you are fam'd;
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd,
(Which gies you honour)
Even, Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
An' if impertinent I've been,
Impute it not, good Sir, in ane
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.,

MAUCHLINE.

(RECOMMENDING A BOY.)

Mossgiel, May 2, 1786.

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty
To warn you how that Master Tootie,
Alias, Laird M'Gaun,*
Was here to hire yon lad away
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
An' wad hae don't aff han':
But lest he learn the callan tricks,
As faith I muckle doubt him,
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks,
An' tellin' lies about them;
As lieve then I'd have then,
Your clerkship he should sair,
If sae be, ye may be
Not fitted otherwhere.

* *Master Tootie* then lived in Mauchline, a dealer in cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age.—He was an artful trick-contriving character; hence he is called a *Snick-drawer*. In the Poet's '*Address to the Deil*,' he styles that august personage an *auld, snick-drawing* dog! *Reliques*, p. 397.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,
An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,
The boy might learn to *swear*;
But then wi' *you*, he'll be sae taught,
An' get sic fair *example* straught,
I, hae na ony fear.
Ye'll catechize him every quirk,
An' shore him weel wi' *hell*;
An' gar him follow to the *kirk*——
—Ay when ye gang *yourscl*.
If ye then, maun be then
Frae hame this comin Friday,
Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I hae gien,
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en
To meet the *Warld's worm*;
To try to get the twa to gree,
An' name the airles* an' the fee,
In legal mode an' form:
I ken he weel a *Snick* can draw,
When simple bodies let him;
An' if a *Devil* be at a',
In faith he's sure to get him;
To phrase you an' praise you,
Ye ken your Laureat scorns:
The pray'r still, you share still,
Of grateful Minstrel Burns.

* *The Airles*—Earnest Money.

To Mr. M'ADAM, of Craigen-Gilla

In answer to an obliging Letter he sent in t
mencement of my Poetic Career.

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
I trow it made me proud;
See wha taks notice o' the bard!
I lap and cry'd fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million;
I'll cock my nose aboon them a',
I'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan!

'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel,
To grant your high protection:
A great man's smile ye ken fu' well,
Is ay a blest infection.

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy!
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
I independent stand ay.—

And when those legs to guid, warm ka
Wi' welcome canna bear me;
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry simmers!
And bless your bonnie lasses baith,
I'm tald they're loosome kimmers!

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry!
And may he wear an auld man's beard
A credit to his country.

To CAPTAIN RIDDLE, Glentiddel.

(Extempore Lines on returning a Newspaper.)

Ellisland, Monday Evening.

Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir,
With little admiring or blaming;
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir;
But of *meet*, or *unmeet*, in a *fabrick complete*,
I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell your goodness
Bestowed on your servant the Poet:
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should know it!

To TERRAUGHTY, on his Birth-Day.*

HEALTH to the Maxwells' vet'ran chief!
Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,
This natal morn,
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half worn.—

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous heaven
(The second sight, ye ken, is giv'n
To ilka Poet)
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May desolation's lang teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure—

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men and lassies bonie,
May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blithe and e'enings funny
Bless them and thee!

* Mr. Maxwell, of Terraughty, near Dumfries.

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the Deil he daur na steer ye:
Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye,
For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye
While Burns they ca' me.

To A LADY,

With a Present of a Pair of Drinking Glasses.

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
And Queen of Poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses.—

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
'*The whole of human kind!*'

'*To those who love us!*'—second fill;
But not to those whom we love;
Lest we love those who love not us!——
A third—'*to thee and me, love!*'

THE VOWELS,—A Tale.

'Twas where the birch and sounding tl
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her darkening vapour t
And cruelty directs the thickening blows
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount
And call the trembling vowels to account

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight
His twisted head look'd backward on his
And flagrant from the scourge, he grunte
Reluctant E stalk'd in; with piteous gı
The justling tears ran down his honest fa
That name, that well-worn name, and all
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne
The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can comp
And next the title following close behind
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assig
The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd, reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel roun
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the g
In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;
The' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries o

So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering U,
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!
As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,
Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

---

*SKETCH.**

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight:
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets.
A man of fashion too, he made his tour,
Learn'd *vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour;*
So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
Much specious lore, but little understood;
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
His solid sense—by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell;
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

* This sketch seems to be one of a Series, intended for a projected work, under the title of '*The Poet's Progress.*' This character was sent as a specimen, accompanied by a letter to *Professor Dugald Stewart*, in which it is thus noticed. 'The fragment beginning, *A little, upright, pert, tart*, &c. I have not shown to any man living, till I now send it to you. It forms the postulata, the axioms, the definition of a character, which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait sketching.'

SCOTS PROLOGUE,

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

WHAT needs this din about the town of Lon'on,
How this new play an' that new sang is comin?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?
Does nonsense mend like whisky, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame?
For comedy abroad he need na toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enough in Caledonian story,
Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.—

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
Where are the muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce;
How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
'Gainst mighty England, and her guilty lord;
And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
O for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
Vain all the' omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:

A woman, tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,
As able and as cruel as the Devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglases were heroes every age:
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
Would take the muses' servants by the hand;
Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard and say, the folks hae done their best!
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
Ye'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
And warsle time an' lay him on his back!

For us and for our stage should ony spier,
'Whose aught thae chiels maks a' this bustle here?'
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
We have the honour to belong to you!
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But like good mithers, shore before ye strike.—
And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We've got frae a' professions, sets, and ranks:
God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

Extemporaneous Effusion on being appointed to the Excise.

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels
  Och, ho! the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels;
  But—what'll ye say!
These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans
Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes!

On Seeing the beautiful Seat of Lord G.

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?
  Flit G——, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
  The picture of thy mind!

On the Same.

NO Stewart art thou G——,
  The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but *fools*,
  Not one of them a *knave*.

On the Same.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O G——,
Thro' many a far-fam'd sire;
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
So ended in a *mire.*

To the Same, on the Author being threatened with his Resentment.

SPARE me thy vengeance, G——,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD,

Tune, 'The Dragon of Wantley.'

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw,
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt *Hal* and *Bob* for the famous job—
Who should be *Faculty's Dean*, Sir.—

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
  Among the first was number'd;
But pious *Bob*, 'mid learning's store,
  Commandment tenth remember'd.—
Yet simple *Bob* the victory got,
  And wan his heart's desire;
Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
  Though the devil p—s in the fire.—

Squire *Hal* besides had, in this case,
  Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
  Are qualifications saucy;
So their worships of the Faculty,
  Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
  To their gratis grace and goodness.—

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
  Of a sun of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
  Bob's purblind, mental vision:
Nay, *Bobby's* mouth may be open'd yet,
  Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the Angel met
  That met the Ass of Balaam.—

* * * * *

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

Tune, 'Gillicrankie.

LORD A——TE.

He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
  He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation-mist,
  His argument he tint* it:
He gaped for't, he graped for't,
  He fand it was awa, man;
But what his common sense came short,
  He eked out wi' law, man.

MR. ER—NE.

Collected Harry stood awee,
  Then open'd out his arm, man;
His lordship sat wi' rueful' e'e,
  And ey'd the gathering storm, man:
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,
  Or torrents owre a lin, man;
The *Bench* sae wise lift up their eyes,
  Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

* *Tint*—lost.

VERSES TO J. RANKEN.

(The Person to whom his Poem on shooting the Partridge is addressed, while Ranken occupied the Farm of Adam-Hill, in Ayrshire.)

Ae day, as Death, that grusome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles* in a halter:

Asham'd himsel to see the wretches,
He mutters, glow'rin at the bitches,
'By G-d I'll not be seen behint them,
'Nor 'mang the spir'tual core present them,
'Without, at least ae honest man,
'To grace this d——d infernal clan.'
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
'L—d God!' quoth he, 'I have it now,
'There's just the man I want, i' faith,'
And quickly stoppit *Ranken's* breath.

* The word *Wintle*, denotes sudden and involuntary motion. In the ludicrous sense in which it is here applied, it may be admirably translated by the vulgar London expression of *Dancing upon nothing*.

On hearing that there was Falsehood in the Rev. Dr. B——'s very Looks.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny:
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

On a Schoolmaster in Cleish Parish, Fifeshire.

Here lie Willie M—hie's banes,
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schulin of your weans;
For clever Deils he'll mak 'em!

ADDRESS TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

(A PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.)

YOU'RE welcome to Despots, Dumourier;
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier.—
How does Dampiere do?
Aye, and Bournonville too?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier,—
I will fight France with you, Dumourier:—

I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, Dun

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about,
Till freedom's spark is out,
Then we'll be d-mn'd no doubt—Dumourie

ELEGY

ON THE YEAR 1788.

A SKETCH.

For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born
But oh! prodigious to reflec'!
A *Towmont*,* Sirs, is gane to wreck!
O *Eighty-eight*, in thy sma' space
What dire events ha'e taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead;
The tulzie's sair 'tween Pitt an' Fox,
And 'tween our Maggie's twa wee cocks

* *A Towmont*—A Twelvemonth.

The tane is game, a bluidie devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither's something dour o' treadin,
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden—

Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,
An' cry till ye be haerse an' roupet,
For *Eighty-eight* he wish'd you weel,
An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal;
E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for a little feck!—

Ye bonie lasses, dight your e'en,
For some o' you ha'e tint a frien';
In *Eighty-eight*, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gie again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowf and daviely they creep;
Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry,
For E'nbrugh wells are grutten dry.

O *Eighty-nine*, thou's but a bairn,
An' no o'er auld,—I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair,
Nae hand-cuff'd, mizzl'd hap-shackl'd *Regent*,
But, like himsel, a full free agent.
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man;
As muckle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.

VERSES

Written under the Portrait of Fergusson, the Poet, in a copy of that author's works presented to a young Lady in Edinburgh, March 19, 1787.

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure,
O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

*SONG.**

Tune 'I am a Man unmarried.'

O ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that honour warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.
Fal lal de ral, &c.

* This composition was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of life, when my heart glowed with honest warm simplicity; unacquainted, and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. The performance, is, indeed, very puerile and silly; but I am always pleased with it, as it recals to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest, and my tongue was sincere. The subject of it was a young girl who

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
  And mony full as braw,
But for a modest gracefu' mien
  The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass I will confess,
  Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities
  She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
  And what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
  And fair without a flaw.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
  Both decent and genteel:
And then there's something in her gait
  Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
  May slightly touch the heart,
But its innocence and modesty
  That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
  'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
  She reigns without control.

Fal lal de ral, &c.

really deserved all the praises I have bestowed on her. I not only had this opinion of her then—but I actually think so still, now that the spell is long since broken, and the enchantment at an end. *Burns' Reliques*, p. 318.

SONGS.

SONGS.

*UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.**

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

COLD blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure its winter fairly.

Up in the morning, &c.

* The chorus is old.

SONG.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.*

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
  Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
  By a falling, crystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
  Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
  O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
  Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
  A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
  She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
  I bear a heart shall support me still.

* These two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen, and are among the oldest of my printed pieces.

Burns' Reliques, p. 242.

SONG.[*]

BEWARE O' BONIE ANN.

Ye gallants bright I red you right,
  Beware o' bonie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
  Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
  Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
  That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
  And pleasure leads the van:
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
  They wait on bonie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
  But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
  Beware o' bonie Ann.

[*] I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend Allan Masterton, the author of the air of Strathallan's Lament, and two or three others in this work.

Burns' Reliques, p. 266.

*MY BONNIE MARY.**

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun lea'e my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

SONG.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.†

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a great pi
That he from our lasses should wander awa;
For he's bonie and braw, weel-favour'd with a'
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.

* This air is Oswald's; the first half-stanza of the song is

† This air is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it his lamen
his brother. The first half-stanza of the song is old.

His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue;
His fecket* is white as the new-driven snaw;
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.
His coat is the hue, &c.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw;
But chiefly the siller, *that* gars him gang till her,
The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.—
There's Meg wi' the mailen, that fain wad a haen him,
And Susy whase daddy was Laird o' the ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy,
—But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.†

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth,
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below:

* *Fecket*—an under-waistcoat with sleeves.
† *The first half-stanza is old.*

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not he
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer:
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

SONG.*

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
Wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me where I lie?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will own he did the faut?
Wha will buy my groanin-maut?
Wha will tell me how to ca't?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak me fidgin fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

* I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it t young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was that time under a cloud. Burns' Reliquer, p. 278

*SONG.**

CRAIGIE-BURN-WOOD.†

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee.

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood,
And blithely awakens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn-wood
Can yield me to nothing but sorrow.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.
Beyond thee, &c.

* It is remarkable of this air, that it is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our Lowland music (so far as from the title, words, &c. we can localize it) has been composed. From Craigie barn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of any antiquity.

The song was composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards a Mrs. Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Craigie-burn-wood.—The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad.

Burns' Reliques, p. 284.

† The chorus is old.

I canna tell, I maun na tell,
  I dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
  If I conceal it langer.
    Beyond thee, &c.

I see the gracefu', straight and tall,
  I see the straight and bonnie,
But oh, what will my torments be,
  If thou refuse thy Johnie!
    Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in anither's arms,
  In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
  My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
    Beyond thee, &c.

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
  Say, thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
  I'll gratefully adore thee.
    Beyond thee, &c.

*I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.**

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
  I wad been o'er the lugs in luve;
Had I na found the slightest prayer
  That lips could speak, thy heart could muve.

  do confess thee sweet, but find
  Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind
  That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
  Amang its native briars sae coy,
How sune it tines its scent and hue
  When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
  Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
  Like ony common weed and vile.

* This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland.—The poem is to be found in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, the earliest collection printed in Scotland.—I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress. *Burns' Reliques*, p. 292.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed:
Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, and sequester'd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Aman gthae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling
e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her
arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

WHA is that at my bower door?
O wha is it but Findlay;
Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here!
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in?
Let me in, quo' Findlay;
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay?
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,
I'll remain, quo' Findlay;
I dread ye'll learn the gate again;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay;

What may pass within this bower,
Let it pass, quo' Findlay;
Ye maun conceal till your last hour;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay!

SONG.*

Tune, 'The Weaver and his Shuttle, O.'

My Father was a Farmer upon the Carrick border, O
And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O
He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing, O
For without an honest manly heart, no man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world my course I did determine, O
Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great was charming, O
My talents they were not the worst; nor yet my education: O
Resolv'd was I, at least to try, to mend my situation, O.

* This song is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification. but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over. *Burns' Reliques*, p. 339.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune's
favour; O
Some cause unseen, still stept between, to frustrate
each endeavour; O
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd; sometimes
by friends forsaken; O
And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst
mistaken, O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, with fortune's
vain delusion; O
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came to
this conclusion; O
The past was bad, and the future hid; its good or
ill untried; O
But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I
would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I; nor person to
befriend me; O
So I must toil, and sweet and broil, and labour to
sustain me, O
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father
bred me early; O
For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for
fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life I'm
doom'd to wander, O
Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slum-
ber: O
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed
me pain or sorrow; O
I live to-day, as well's I may, regardless of to-mor-
row, O.

I am as well, as a monarch in a
p e, O
] nts me down, with all
W nce; O
I le daily bread, but ne'er can make
n ; O
is all I need, I do not much re-
a ner, O.

When sometimes by my labour I earn a little money, O
Some unforeseen misfortune comes generally upon me; O
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-natur'd folly; O
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power with unremitting ardour, O
The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your view the farther; O
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to adore you, O
A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer before you, O.

SONG.

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,
As far's the pole and line;
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

Tho' mountains frown and deserts howl,
  And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
  I still would love my Jean.

. . . . . .

SONG.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-rung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-rung tears I pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

SONG.

NOW BANK AN' BRAE ARE CLAITH'D IN GREE

Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green
  An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring.
By Girvan's fairy haunted stream
  The birdies flit on wanton wing.
To Cassillis' banks when e'ening fa's,
  There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance of love,
  The bonie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The child wha boasts o' warld's walth,
  Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' my ain,
  Ah, fortune canna gie me mair!
Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,
  Wi' her the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
  The bonie blink o' Mary's e'e!

THE BONIE LAD THAT'S FAR AW

O how can I be blithe and glad,
  Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best,
  Is o'er the hills and far awa?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
  It's no the driving drift and snaw;

But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
  To think on him that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,
  My friends they hae disown'd me a',
But I hae ane will tak my part,
  The bonie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
  And silken snoods* he gave me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
  The bonie lad that's far awa.

The weary winter soon will pass,
  And spring will cleed the birken-shaw;
And my sweet babie will be born,
  And he'll come hame that's far awa.

SONG.

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
  But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
  The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
  That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
  The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

* Ribands for binding the hair.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I'LL ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonie Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stownlins* we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin-time† draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again!

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonie Meg was nature's child—
—Wiser men than me's beguil'd;
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

* *Stownlins*—By stealth.
† *Trystin-time*—The time of appointment.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see;
Whistle o'er the lave o't—
Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—

YOUNG JOCKEY.

Young Jockey was the blithest lad
In a' our town or here awa;
Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,*
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'!
He roos'd my e'en sae bonie blue,
He roos'd my waist sae gently sma';
An' ay my heart came to my mou,
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
And o'er the lee I leuk fu' fain
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca',
An' ay the night comes round again,
When in his arms he takes me a';
An' ay he vows he'll be my ain
As long's he has a breath to draw.

* *The Gaud*—At the Plough.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree.

Oh, what is death, but parting breath?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man in a' Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
  And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
  The wretch that dares not die!
    Sae rantingly, &c.

SONG.

Here's a bottle and an honest friend!
  What wad ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
  What his share may be of care, man?
Then catch the moments as they fly,
  And use them as ye ought, man:—
Believe me, happiness is shy,
  And comes not ay when sought, man.

SONG.

Tune, 'Braes o' Balquhidder.'

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
  An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
  My bonie Peggy Alison!

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
  I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their hansel throne
  Are no sae blest as I am, O!
    I'll kiss thee, &c.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O;
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!
I'll kiss thee, &c.

And by thy e'en, sae bonie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O;—
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!
I'll kiss thee, &c.

SONG.

Tune, 'If he be a Butcher neat and trim.'

On Cessnock banks there lives a lass,
Could I describe her shape and mien;
The graces of her weelfar'd face,
And the glancin' of her sparklin' e'en.

She's fresher than the morning dawn
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
  When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam;
  An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her hair is like the curling mist
  That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
  An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
  When shining sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
  An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
  That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
  An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe,
  That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
  An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
  With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
  An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
  That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
  An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' e'en.

WAE IS MY HEART.

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures; and deep hae I loved:
Love, thou hast sorrows; and sair hae I proved:
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O if I were, where happy I hae been;
Down by yon stream and yon bonie castle green:
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

SONG.

Tune, 'Banks of Banna.'

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na';
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew in wilderness
  Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
  Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
  Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gie me within my straining grasp
  The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
  An Empress or Sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
  I give and take with Anna!

Awa thou flaunting god o' day!
  Awa thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
  When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night,
  Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
  My transports wi' my Anna!

---

*SONG.**

The Deil cam fiddling thro' the town,
  And danc'd awa wi' the' Exciseman;
And ilka wife cry'd, 'Auld Mahoun,
  'We wish you luck o' the prize, man.

* At a meeting of his brother Excisemen in Dumfries, Burns, being called upon for a Song, handed these verses extempore to the President, *written on the back of a letter.*

'We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
'We'll dance and sing and rejoice, man;
'And mony thanks to the muckle black Deil,
'That danc'd awa wi' the' Exciseman.

'There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
'There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
'But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
'Was—the Deil's awa wi' the' Exciseman.
'We'll mak our maut, &c.'

SONG.

POWERS celestial, whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care:
Let her form sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own;
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Sooth her bosom into rest.

Guardian angels, O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home.*

HUNTING SONG.

I RED YOU BEWARE AT THE HUNTING.

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,
At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.

I red you beware at the hunting, young men;
I red you beware at the hunting, young men;
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells;
Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring,
And O! as she wantoned gay on the wing.
I red, &c.

Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill;
In spite at her plumage he tried his skill;

* Probably written on Highland Mary, on the eve of the Poet's departure to the West Indies.

He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the br
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where
lay.

I red, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill;
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.-

I red, &c.

* * * *

YOUNG PEGGY.

Young Peggy blooms our boniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With early gems adorning;
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer die has grac'd them,
They charm the' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them:
Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
  Such sweetness would relent her,
As blooming Spring unbends the brow
  Of surly, savage Winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain
  Her winning powers to lessen:
And fretful envy grins in vain,
  The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Pow'rs of Honour, Love, and Truth,
  From ev'ry ill defend her;
Inspire the highly favour'd youth
  The destinies intend her;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
  Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
  With many a filial blossom.*

SONG.

Tune, 'The King of France, he rade a Race.'

Amang the trees where humming bees
  At buds and flowers were hinging, O
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
  And to her pipe was singing; O

* This was one of the poet's earliest compositions. It is copied from a MS. book, which he had before his first publication.

'Twas Pibroch,* sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dirl'd them aff, fu' clearly, O
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O—

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie, O
The hungry bike did scrape and pike
Till we ware wae and weary; O—
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
A prisoner aughteen year awa,
He fir'd a fiddler in the North
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

* * *

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

Tune, 'John Anderson my Jo.'

One night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree root:
Auld Aire ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas;
A cushat† crowded o'er me
That echoed through the braes.

. . . . . .

* *Pibroch*—A Highland war song, adapted to the bagpipe
† The dove, or wild pigeon.

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

Tune, 'Daintie Davie.'

There was a lad was born at Kyle,*
But what na day o' what na style
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' *Robin.*

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin', rovin', rantin', rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin', rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar Win'
Blew hansel in on *Robin.*

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him *Robin.*

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' *Robin.*

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, *Robin.*

* *Kyle*—a district of Ayrshire.

Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you, Sir,
Ye gar the lasses * * * *
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
So blessin's on thee, *Robin!*

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin', rovin', rantin', rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin', rovin' Robin.

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

Tune, 'I had a Horse and I had nae mair.'

When first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was nae steady,
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade
A mistress still I had ay:

But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
Not dreadin' any body,
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

. . . . . .

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

Tune, 'Gallawater.'

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,
  Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet happy, happy would I be
  Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.—

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
  And winter nights were dark and rainy;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
  I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.—

Were I a Baron proud and high,
  And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
  'The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.—

. . . . . .

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

O RAGING fortune's withering blast
  Has laid my leaf full low! O
O raging fortune's withering blast
  Has laid my leaf full low! O

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow; O
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow; O
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O,

SONG.

PATRIOTIC—*unfinished.*

HERE's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!*

It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be sma'.
May liberty meet wi' success!
May prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

* Fa'—lot.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd,
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!

* * * *

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring,
I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing,
And as he was singin' thir words he did say,
There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month of sweet May.—

The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast,
And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and sing,
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

Her flowing locks, the raven's wing,
  Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
  And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips were roses wat wi' dew,
  O, what a feast, her bonie mou!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
  A crimson still diviner.

BALLAD.—FRAGMENT.

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
  Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,
Though prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
  To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.—

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
  Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear;
For thee he rov'd that brake my heart,
  Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear!

SONG.—FRAGMENT.

The winter it is past, and the simmer comes at last,
And the small birds sing on every tree;
Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A.

A', all
Aback, away, aloof
Abeigh, at a shy distance
Aboon, above, up
Abread, abroad, in sight
Abreed, in breadth
Ae, one
Aff, off; *Aff loof*, unpremeditated
Afore, before
Aft, oft
Aften, often
Agley, off the right line, wrong
Aiblins, perhaps
Ain, own
Airl-penny, earnest-money
Airn, iron

Aith, an oath
Aits, oats
Aiver, an old horse
Aizle, a hot cinder
Alake, alas
Alane, alone
Akwart, awkward
Amaist, almost
Amang, among
An', and, if
Ance, once
Ane, one, and
Anent, over against
Anither, another
Ase, ashes
Asklent, asquint, aslant
Asteer, abroad, stirring
Athart, athwart
Aught, possession; as, *in a' my aught*, in all my possession
Auld lang syne, older times, days of other years
Auld, old
Auldfarran, or *auld farrant*, sagacious, cunning prudent
Ava, at all
Awa', away
Awfu', awful
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
Awnie, bearded
Ayont, beyond.

B.

BA', ball
Backets, ash boards
Backins, comin', coming back, returning
Bad, did bid
Baide, endured, did stay
Baggie, the belly

Bainie, having large bones, stout
Bairn, a child
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood
Baith, both
Ban, to swear
Bane, bone
Bang, to beat, to strive
Bardie, diminutive of bard
Barefit, barefooted
Barmie, of, or like barm
Batch, a crew, a gang
Batts, botts
Baudrons, a cat
Bauld, bold
Bawk, bank
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face
Be, to let be, to give over, to cease
Bear, barley
Beastie, diminutive of beast
Beet, to add fuel to fire
Beld, bald
Belyve, by and by
Ben, into the spence or parlour
Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire
Bethankit, grace after meat
Beuk, a book
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race
Bie, or *Bield*, shelter
Bien, wealthy, plentiful
Big, to build
Biggin, building, a house
Biggit, built
Bill, a bull
Billie, a brother, a young fellow
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Birk, birch
Birken-shaw, *Birchen-wood-shaw*, a small wood
Birkie, a clever fellow
Birring, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring

Bit, crisis, nick of time
Bizz, a bustle, to buzz
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt
Blastit, blasted
Blate, bashful, sheepish
Blather, bladder
Blaud, a flat piece of any thing; to slap
Bläw, to blow, to boast
Bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum
Bleert and blin, bleared and blind
Bleezing, blazing
Blellum, idle talking fellow
Blether, to talk idly, nonsense
Bleth'rin, talking idly
Blink, a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits
Blinker, a term of contempt
Blinkin, smirkin
Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge
Bluid, blood
Bluntie, snivelling
Blype, a shred, a large piece
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently
Bocked, gushed, vomited
Bodle, a small gold coin
Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins
Bonnie, or *bonny*, handsome, beautiful
Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannack, or loaf made of oatmeal
Boord, a board
Boortree, the shrub elder; planted much of old in hedges of barn yards, &c.
Boost, behoved, must needs
Bore, a hole in the wall
Botch, an angry tumour
Bouk, vomiting, gushing out
Bousing, drinking

Bow-kail, cabbage
Bowt, bended, crooked
Brachens, fern
Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill
Braid, broad
Bragin't, reel'd forward
Braik, a kind of harrow
Brainge, to run rashly forward
Brak, broke, made insolvent
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses
Brash, a sudden illness
Brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c.
Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury
Braw, fine, handsome
Brawlyt, or *brawlie*, very well, finely, heartily
Braxie, a morbid sheep
Breastie, diminutive of breast
Breastit, did spring up or forward
Breckan, fern
Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell
Breeks, breeches
Brent, smooth
Brewin, brewing
Brie, juice, liquid
Brig, a bridge
Brunstane, brimstone
Brisket, the breast, the bosom
Brither, a brother
Brock, a badger
Brogue, a hum, a trick
Broo, broth, liquid, water,
Broose, broth; a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church
Brugh, a burgh
Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion
Brunt, did burn, burnt
Brust, to burst, burst

Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan
Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia
Bught, a pen
Bughtin-time, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked
Buirdly, stout-made, broad-made
Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings
Bumming, humming as bees
Bummle, to blunder
Bummler, a blunderer
Bunker, a window-seat
Burdies, diminutive of birds
Bure, did bear
Burn, water, a rivulet
Burnewin, i. e. *burn the wind*, a blacksmith
Burnie, diminutive of burn
Buskie, bushy
Buskit, dressed
Busks, dresses
Busle, a bustle, to bustle
Buss, shelter
But, *bot*, with
But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour
By himself, lunatic, distracted
Byke, a bee-hive
Byre, a cow-stable, a shippen

C.

C.l', To call, to name, to drive
Ca't or *ca'd*, called, driven, calved
Cadger, a carrier
Cadie, or *caddie*, a person, a young fellow
Caff, chaff
Caird, a tinker
Cairn, a loose heap of stones
Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves

, a boy
fresh, sound, refreshing
or *cannie*, gentle, mild, dexterous
ie, dexterously, gently
or *canty*, cheerful, merry
ip, a charm, a spell
ne, cope-stone, key-stone
in, cheerfully
n old man
a stout old woman
, cards
m, a caldron
nd keel, chalk and red clay
cold
a wooden drinking-vessel
taxes
r, a part of a bagpipe
a person, a fellow, a blow
a stroke, a blow
, cheeked
a chirp, to chirp
or *cheel*, a young fellow
, or *Chimlie*, a fire-grate, a fire-place
-lug, the fire-side
ng, shivering, trembling
n, choking
to chew; *cheek for chow*, side by side
, fat-faced
n, a small village about a church, a hamlet
or *claes*, clothes
cloth
ng, clothing
s, nonsense, not speaking sense
clapper of a mill
, wrote
an idle tale, the story of the day
, to tell little idle stories; an idle story
t, snatched at, laid hold of
to clean, to scrape

Clauted, scraped
Clavers, idle stories
Claw, to scratch
Cleed, to clothe
Cleeds, clothes
Cleekit, having caught
Clinkin, jerking, clinking
Clinkumbell, who rings the church-bell
Clips, sheers
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation
Clock, to hatch, a beetle
Cleckin, hatching
Cloet, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Cloetie, an old name for the Devil
Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow
Cluds, clouds
Coaxin, wheedling
Coble, a fishing boat
Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap
Coft, bought
Cog, a wooden dsh
Coggie, diminutivie of cog
Coila, from *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch
Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular, name for country curs
Collieshangie, quarrelling
Commaun, command
Cood, the cud
Coof, a blockhead, a ninny,
Cookit, appeared, and disappeared by fits.
Coost, did cast
Coot, the ankle or foot
Cootie, a wooden kitchendish :—*also those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be* cootie
Corbies, a species of the crow

Core, corps, party, clan
Corn't, fed with oats
Cotter, the inhabitant of a *cot-house* or cottage
Couthie, kind, loving
Cove, a cove
Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright; a branch of furze, broom, &c.
Cowp, to barter, to tumble over, a gang
Cowpit, tumbled
Cowrin, cowering
Cowte, a colt
Cozie, snug
Cozily, snugly
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful
Crack, conversation, to converse
Crackin, conversing
Craft, or *croft*, a field near a house (*in old husbandry*)
Craika, cries or calls incessantly, a bird
Crambo-clink, or *crambo-jingle*, rhymes, doggerel verses
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel
Crankous, fretful, captious
Cranreuch, the hoar frost
Crap, a crop, to crop
Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook
Creel, a basket; *to have one's wits in a creel*, to be craz'd, to be fascinated
Creeshie, greasy
Crood, or *croud*, to coo as a dove
Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune
Crooning, humming
Crouchie, crook-backed
Crouse, cheerful, courageous
Crousely, cheerfully, courageously
Crowdie, a composition of oat-meal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.

Crowdie-time, breakfast-time
Crowlin, crawling
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns
Crump, hard and brittle; *spoken of bread*
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel
Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny
Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head
Curchie, a curtesy
Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called *curling*
Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets
Curling, a well known game on the ice
Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise
Curpin, the crupper
Cushat, the dove or wood-pigeon
Cutty, short; a spoon broken in the middle

D.

DADDIE, a father
Daffin, merriment, foolishness
Daft, merry, giddy, foolish
Daimen, rare, now and then; *daimen-icker*, an ear of corn now and then
Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable
Dales, plains, valleys
Darklins, darklin
Daud, to thrash, to abuse
Daur, to dare
Daurt, dared
Daurg, or *daurk*, a day's labour
Davoc, David
Dawd, a large piece
Dawtit, or *dawtet*, fondled, caressed
Dearies, diminutive of dears
Dearthfu', dear
Deave, to deafen
Deil-ma-care! no matter! for all that!
Deleerit, delerious

Descrive, to describe
Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff
Dight, cleaned from chaff
Dights, cleans
Ding, to worst, to push
Dinna, do not
Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain
Dizzen, or *diz'n*, a dozen
Doited, stupified, hebetated
Dolt, stupified, crazied
Donsie, unlucky
Dool, sorrow; *to sing dool*, to lament, to mourn
Doos, doves
Dorty, saucy, nice
Douce, or *douse*, sober, wise, prudent
Doucely, soberly, prudently
Dought, was or were able
Doup, backside
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail
Dour and din, sullen, sallow
Doure, stout, durable, sullen, stubborn
Douser, more prudent
Dow, am or are able, can
Dowff, pithless, wanting force
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c. half asleep
Downa, am or are not able, cannot
Doylt, stupid
Drap, a drop, to drop
Drapping, dropping
Dreep, to ooze, to drop
Dreigh, tedious, long about it
Dribble, drizzling, slaver
Drift, a drove
Droddum, the breech
Drone, part of a bag-pipe
Droop, rumpl't, that droops at the crupper
Droukit, wet
Drounting, drawling
Drouth, thirst, drought

Drucken, drunken
Drumly, muddy
Drummock, meal and water mixed; raw
Drunt, pet, sour humour
Dub, a small pond
Duds, rags, clothes
Duddie, ragged
Dung, worsted; pushed, driven
Dunted, beaten, boxed
Dush, to push as a ram, &c.
Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

E.

E'E, the eye
E'en, the eyes
E'enin, evening
Eerie, frighted, dreading spirits
Eild, old age
Elbuck, the elbow
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful
En', end
Enbrugh, Edinburgh
Eneugh, enough
Especial, especially
Ettle, to try, attempt
Eydent, diligent

F.

FA', fall, lot, to fall
Fa's, does fall, water-falls
Faddom't, fathomed
Fae, a foe
Faem, foam
Faiket, unknown
Fairin, a fairin, a present
Fallow, fellow
Fand, did find

:ake of bread
ıuble, eare, to trouble, to care for
oubled
s-een, Fastens Even
fold, to fold
r, folding
ılt
, decent, seemly
ield, smooth
frightful
righted
at, spruce
ı fight
fighting
ıny, plenty
waistcoat
large, brawny, stout
, puny, weak, silly
weakly
g
:ud, enmity
en, biting; the flesh immediately under the
a field pretty level, on the side or top of a

:cessful struggle, fight
ı live comfortably
ır *ferley*, to wonder; a wonder; a term of
mpt
o pull by fits
ɔulled intermittently
o fidget
t, smooth
end, a petty oath
und, healthy; a brother, a friend
ı make a rustling noise, to fidget, a bustle
ɔot
n, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in
lough
ı make a hissing noise, like fermentation

Flainen, flannel
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner
Fleech'd, supplicated
Fleechin, supplicating
Fleesh, a fleece
Fleg, a kick, a random blow
Flether, to decoy by fair words
Fletherin, flattering
Fley, to scare, to frighten
Flichter, to flutter, as young nestlings, when their dam approaches
Flickering, to meet, to encounter with
Flinders, sherds, broken pieces
Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail
Flisk, to fret at the yoke
Fliskit, fretted
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating
Flunkie, a servant in livery
Foord, a ford
Forbears, forefathers
Forbye, besides
Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded
Forfoughten, fatigued
Forgather, to meet, to encounter with
Forgie, to forgive
Forjesket, jaded with fatigue
Fother, fodder
Fou', full, drunk
Foughten, troubled, harassed
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough
Fow, a bushel, &c.; also a pitch-fork
Frae, from
Freath, froth
Frien', friend
Fu', full
Fud, the scut, or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently

Fuff't, did blow
Funnie, full of merriment
Fur, a furrow
Furm, a form, bench
Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles
Fyle, to soil, to dirty
Fyl't, soiled, dirted

G.

Gab, the mouth; to speak boldly, or pertly
Gaber-lunzie, an old man
Gadsman, ploughboy, the boy that rides the horses in the plough
Gae, to go; *gaed*, went; *gaen*, or *gane*, gone; *gaun*, going
Gaet, or *gate*, way, manner, road
Gang, to go, to walk
Gar, to make, to force to
Gar't, forced to
Garten, a garter
Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative, to converse
Gaskin, conversing
Gaucy, jolly, large
Gear, riches, goods of any kind
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn
Ged, a pike
Gentles, great folks
Geordie, a guinea
Get, a child, a young one
Ghaist, a ghost
Gie, to give; *gied*, gave; *gien*, given
Giftie, diminutive of gift
Giglets, playful girls
Gillie, diminutive of gill
Gilpey, a half grown, half informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden
Gimmer, an ewe from one to two years old

Gin, if, against
Gipsey, a young girl
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.
Girning, grinning
Gizz, a periwig
Glaikitt, inattentive, foolish
Glaive, a sword
Gawky, half-witted, foolish, romping
Glaizie, glittering, smooth like a glass
Glaund, aimed, snatched
Gleck, sharp, ready
Gleg, sharp, ready
Gleib, glebe
Glen, dale, deep valley
Gley, a squint, to squint; *a gley*, off at a side, wrong
Glib-gabbet, that speaks smoothly and readily
Glint, to peep
Glinted, peeped
Glintin, peeping
Gloamin, the twilight
Glowr, to stare, to look, a stare, a look
Glowred, looked, stared
Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawk-weed, &c.
Gowany, *gowany glens*, daisied, dales
Gowd, gold
Gowff, the game of golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf
Gowff'd, struck
Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt
Gowl, to howl
Grane, or *grain*, a groan, to groan
Grain'd and gaunted, groaned and grunted
Graining, groaning
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, gear
Grannie, grandmother
Grape, to grope

Grapit, groped
Grat, wept, shed tears
Great, intimate, familiar
Gree, to agree; *to bear the gree*, to be decidedly victor
Gree't, agreed
Greet, to shed tears, to weep
Greetin, crying, weeping
Grippet, catched, seized
Groat, *to get the whistle of one's groat*, to play a losing game
Gronsome, loathsomely, grim
Grozet, a gooseberry
Grumph, a grunt, to grunt
Grumphie, a sow
Grun', ground
Grunstane, a grindstone
Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise
Grunzie, mouth
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth
Gude, the Supreme Being; good
Guid, good
Guid-morning, good morrow
Guid-e'en, good evening
Guidman and guidwife, the master and mistress of the house; *young guidman*, a man newly married
Gully, or *gullie*, a large knife
Guidfather, *guidmother*, father-in-law, and mother-in-law
Gumlie, muddy
Gusty, tasteful

H.

HA', hall
Ha' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall
Hae, to have
Haen, had, *the participle*
Haet, *fient haet*, a petty oath of negation; nothing

Haffet, the temple, the side of the head
Hafflins, nearly half, partly
Hag, a scar, or gulf in mosses and moors
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep
Hain, to spare, to save
Hain'd, spared
Hairst, harvest
Haith, a petty oath
Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought
Hal', or *hald*, an abiding place
Hale, whole, tight, healthy
Haly, holy
Hame, home
Hallan, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October
Hamely, homely, affable
Han', or *haun'*, hand
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap
Happer, a hopper
Happing, hopping
Hap step an' loup, hop skip and leap
Harkit, hearkened
Harn, very coarse linen
Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety
Hastit, hastened
Haud, to hold
Haughs, low lying, rich lands; valleys
Haurl, to drag, to peel
Haurlin, peeling
Haverel, a half witted person, half witted
Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense
Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face
Heapit, heaped
Heatsome, healthful, wholesome
Hearse, hoarse

Hear't, hear it
Heather, heath
Hech! oh! strange
Hecht, promised to foretel something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered
Heckle, a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
Heeze, to elevate, to raise
Helm, the rudder or helm
Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks
Herrin, a herring
Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests
Herryment, plundering, devastation
Hersel, herself; also a herd of cattle, of any sort
Het, hot
Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit
Hilch, a hobble, to halt
Hilchin, halting
Himsel, himself
Hiney, honey
Hing, to hang
Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep
Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend
Histie, dry, chapt, barren
Hitcht, a loop, a knot
Hizzie, hussy, a young girl
Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble
Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the *rink*
Hog-shouther, a kind of horse play, by justling with the shoulder; to justle
Hool, outer skin or case, a nut-shell, pease-swade
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely
Hoolie! take leisure, stop
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard
Hoordit, hoarded

Horn, a spoon made of horn
Hornie, one of the many names of the devil
Host, or *hoast*, to cough
Hostin, coughin
Hosts, coughs
Hotch'd, turn'd topsy-turvy, blended, mix'd
Houghmagandie, fornication
Houlet, an owl
Housie, diminutive of house
Hove, to heave, to swell
Hov'd, heaved, swelled
Howdie, a midwife
Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell
Howebacket, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
Howff, a landlady, a house of resort
Howk, to dig
Howkit, digged
Howkin, digging
Howlet, an owl
Hoy, to urge
Hoy't urged
Hoyse, a pull upwards
Hoyte, to amble crazily
Hughoc, diminutive of Hugh
Hurcheon, a hedgehog
Hurdies, the loins, the crupper
Hushion, cushion

I.

I', in
Icker, an ear of corn
Ier-oe, a great-grandchild
Ilk, or *ilka*, each, every
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly
Ingine, genius, ingenuity
Ingle, fire, fire-place

Ise, I shall or will
Ither, other, one another

J.

JAD, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl
Jauk, to dally, to trifle
Jaukin, trifling, dallying
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water
Jaw, coarse raillery, to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl
Jimp, to jump, slender in the waist, handsome
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning, a corner
Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag
Jinkin, dodging
Jirk, a jerk
Jocteleg, a kind of knife
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head
Jow, *to jow*, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell
Jundie, to justle

K.

KAE, a daw
Kail, colewort, a kind of broth
Kail-runt, the stem of colewort
Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer
Kebbuck, a cheese
Keek, a peep, to peep
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms
Ken, to know; *kend* or *ken't*, knew
Kennin, a small matter
Kenspeckle, well known
Ket, matted, hairy, a fleece of wool

Kiaugh, carking, anxiety
Kilt, to truss up the clothes
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip
Kin', kindred
Kin', kind
Kintra Cooser, country stallion
King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of a
&c.
Kintra, country
Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn
Kirsen, to christen, or baptize
Kist, chest, a shop counter
Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread, to ser
soup, gravy, &c.
Kith, kindred
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish, likely
Kittlin, a young cat
Kiuttle, to cuddle
Kiuttlin, cuddling
Knaggie, like *knags*, or points of rocks
Knappin, a hammer, a hammer for breaking s
Knowe, a small round hillock
Knurl, dwarf
Kye, cows
Kyle, a district in Ayrshire
Kyte, the belly
Kythe, to discover, to show one's self

L.

LADDIE, diminutive of lad
Laggen, the angle between the side and bott
a wooden dish
Laigh, low
Lairing, wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &
Laith, loath
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish
Lallans, Scottish dialect
Lambie, diminutive of lamb
Lampit, a kind of shell-fish

', land, estate
e, lone; *my lane, thy lane*, &c. myself alone
ely, lonely
g, long; *to think lang*, to long, to weary
, did leap
e, the rest, the remainder, the others
erock, the lark
in, shot, reckoning, bill
lan, lowland
'*e*, to leave
l, loyal, true, faithful
-rig, grassy ridge
r (pronoun), lare, learning
lang, live-long
ome, pleasant
ze-me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment; am happy in thee, or proud of thee
ter, a three-pronged dart for striking fish
gh, did laugh
k, a look, to look
bet, gelded
, sky
htly, sneeringly, to sneer at
, a ballad, a tune, to sing
mer, a kept mistress, a strumpet
p't, limped, hobbled
k, to trip along
kin, trippin
n, a waterfall, precipice
t, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower
white, a linnet
n, or *lounin*, the place of milking
f, the palm of the hand
t, did let
ves, *plural of* loaf
n, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue
p, jump, leap
e, a flame

Lowin, flaming
Lowrie, *abbreviation of* Lawrence
Lowse, to loose
Lows'd, loosed
Lug, the ear, a handle
Lugget, having a handle
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle
Lum, the chimney
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke
Luntin, smoking
Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey

M.

MAE, more
Mair, more
Maist, most, almost
Maistly, mostly
Mak, to make
Makin making
Mailen, farm
Mallie, Molly
Mang, among
Manse, the parsonage house, where the minister lives
Manteele, a mantle
Mark, marks. (This and several other nouns which in English require an *s*, to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words *sheep*, *deer*, the same in both numbers.)
Mar's year, the year 1715
Mashlum, *meslin*, mixed corn
Mask, to mash, as malt, &c.
Maskin-pat, a tea-pot
Maukin, a hare
Maun, must
Mavis, the thrush
Maw, to mow
Mawin, mowing

Meère, a mare
Meickle, much
Melancholious, mournful
Melder, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground
Mell, to meddle. Also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough
Melvie, to soil with meal
Men', to mend
Mense, good manners, decorum
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent
Messin, a small dog
Midden, a dunghill
Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dung-hill
Mim, prim, affectedly meek
Min', mind, resemblance
Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending
Minnie, mother, dam
Mirk, *mirkest*, dark, darkest
Misca', to abuse, to call names
Misca'd, abused
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly
Misteuk, mistook
Mither, a mother
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed
Moistify, to moisten
Mony, or *monie*, many
Moop, to nibble as a sheep
Moorlan', of or belonging to moors
Morn, the next day, to-morrow
Mou, the mouth
Moudiwort, a mole
Mousie, diminutive of mouse
Muckle, or *mickle*, great, big, much
Musie, diminutive of muse
Muslin-kail, broth, composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens
Mutchkin, an English pint
Mysel, myself

N.

NA', no, not, nor
Nae, no, not any
Naething, or *naithing*, nothing
Naig, a horse
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale, to be tipsy
Negleckit, neglected
Neebor, a neighbour
Neuk, nook
Niest, next
Nieve, the fist
Nievefu', handful
Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter
Niger, a negro
Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip,
Nit, a nut
Norland, of or belonging to the north
Notic't, noticed
Nowte, black cattle

O.

O', of
Ochels, name of mountains
O haith, O faith! an oath
Ony, or *onie*, any
Or, is often used for *ere*, before
O't, of it
Ourie, shivering, drooping
Oursel, or *oursels*, ourselves
Outlers, cattle not housed
Ower, over, too
Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the h
mer over the arm

P.

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool
Painch, paunch
Paitrick, a partridge
Pang, to cram
Parle, speech
Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish
Pat, did put, a pot
Pattle or *pettle*, a ploughstaff
Paughty, proud, haughty
Pauky, or *pawkie*, cunning, sly
Pay't, paid, beat
Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma
Pechan, the crop, the stomach
Peelin, peeling
Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff
Philibegs, short petticoats worn by the Highlandmen
Phraise, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter
Phraisin, flattery
Pibroch, a Highland War Song adapted to the bagpipe
Pickle, a small quantity
Pine, pain, uneasiness
Pit, to put
Placad, a public proclamation
Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny
Plackless, pennyless, without money
Platie, diminutive of plate
Plew, or *pleugh*, a plough
Pliskie, a trick
Poind, to seize on cattle, or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow, for rent
Poortith, poverty

Pou, to pull
Pouk, to pluck
Poussie, a hare, or cat
Pout, a poult, or chick
Pou't, did pull
Pouthery, like powder
Pow, the head, the skull
Pownie, a little horse
Powther, or *pouther*, powder
Preen, a pin
Prent, printing
Prie, to taste
Prie'd, tasted
Prief, proof
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute
Priggin, cheapening
Primsie, demure, precise
Propone, to lay down, to propose
Provosea, provosts
Pund, pound, pounds
Pyle, a pyle o' caff, a single grain of chaff

Q.

QUAT, to quit
Quak, to quake
Quey, a cow from one to two years old

R.

RAGWEED, herb ragwort
Raible, to rattle nonsense
Rair, to roar
Raize, to madden, to inflame
Ram-feezl'd, fatigued, overspread
Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward
Raploch, *properly* a coarse cloth, *but used as an adnoun for* coarse
Rarely, excellently, very well
Rash, a rush; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes

Ratton, a rat
Raucle, rash, stout, fearless
Raught, reached
Raw, a row
Rax, to stretch
Ream, cream; to cream
Reamin, brimful, frothing
Reave, rove
Reck, to heed
Rede, counsel, to counsel
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops
Red-wud, stark mad
Ree, half drunk, fuddled
Reek, smoke
Reekin, smoking
Reekit, smoked, smoky
Remead, remedy
Requite, requited
Rest, to stand restive
Restit, stood restive, stunted, withered
Restricked, restricted
Rew, repent
Rief, *reef*, plenty
Rief randies, sturdy beggars
Rig, a ridge
Rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin*, running
Rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling on ice
Rip, a handful of unthrashed corn
Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots
Rockin, spinning on the *rock*, or *distaff*
Rood, stands likewise for the plural *roods*
Roon, a shed
Roose, to praise, to commend
Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood
Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold
Routhie, plentiful
Row, to roll, to wrap
Row't, rolled, wrapped

Rowte, to lowe, to bellow
Rowth, or *routh*, plenty
Rowtin, lowin
Rozet, rosin
Rung, a cudgel
Runkled, wrinkled
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage
Ruth, a woman's name, the book so called; sor

S.

SAE, so
Saft, soft
Sair, to serve, a sore
Sairly, or *sairlie*, sorely
Sair't, served
Sark, a shirt
Sarkit, provided in shirts
Saugh, the willow
Saul, soul
Saumont, salmon
Saunt, a saint
Saut, salt
Saw, to sow
Sawin, sowing
Sax, six
Scaith, to damage, to injure, injury
Scar, to scar, a scar
Scaud, to scald
Scauld, to scold
Scaur, apt to be scared
Scawl, a scold
Scon, a kind of bread
Sconner, a loathing, to loathe
Scraich, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear, a rent
Scrieve, to glide swiftly along
Scrieven, gleesomely, swiftly
Scrimp, to scant

Scrimpet, did scant, scanty
See'd, did see
Seizin, seizing
Sel, self; *a body's sel*, one's self alone
Sell't, did sell
Sen', to send
Sen't, I, he, or she sent, or did send, send it
Servan', servant
Settlin, settling; *to get a settlin*, to be frighted into quietness
Sets, *sets off*, goes away
Shaird, a shred, a shard
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away
Shaver, a humorous wag, a barber
Shaw, to show, a small wood in a hollow place
Sheen, bright, shining
Sheep-shank; to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited
Sherra-moor, sheriff-moor, the famous battle fought in the rebellion, A. D. 1715
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice
Shiel, a shed
Shill, shrill
Shog, a shock, a push off at one side
Shool, a shovel
Shoon, shoes
Shore, to offer, to threaten
Shor'd, offered
Shouther, the shoulder
Sic, such
Sicker, sure, steady
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting
Siller, silver, money
Simmer, summer
Sin, a son
Sin', since
Skaith, see *scaith*

Skellum, a worthless fellow
Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke
Skelpi-limmer, a technical term in female scolding
Skelpin, stapping, walking
Skiegh, or *Skeigh*, proud, nice, high-mettled
Skinklin, a small portion
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly
Skirling, shrieking, crying
Skirl't, shrieked
Sklent, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth
Sklented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction
Skreigh, a scream, to scream
Slae, sloe
Slade, did slide
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence
Slaw, slow
Slee, sly; *sleest*, slyest
Sleekit, sleek, sly
Sliddery, slippery
Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough
Slypet, fell
Sma', small
Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense
Smiddy, a smithy
Smoor, to smother
Smoor'd, smothered
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals
Snapper, stumble
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate
Snaw, snow, to snow
Snaw-broo, melted snow
Snawie, snowy
Sneck, latch of a door
Sned, to lop, to cut off
Sneeshin, snuff
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box
Snell, bitter, biting

Snick-drawing, trick-contriving
Snick, the latchet of a door
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak
Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak
Snowk, to scent or snuff, as a dog, horse, &c.
Snowkit, scented, snuffed
Sonsie, having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly
Soom, to swim
Sooth, truth, a petty oath
Sough, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear
Souple, flexible, swift
Souter, a shoemaker
Sowens, a dish made of oatmeal, the seeds of oatmeal soured, &c. boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding
Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid
Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle
Sowther, solder, to solder, to cement
Spae, to prophesy, to divine
Spaul, a limb
Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire
Spaviet, having the spavin
Speat or *spate*, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw
Speel, to climb
Spence, the country parlour
Spier, to ask, to inquire
Spier't, inquired
Splatter, a splutter, to splutter
Spleughan, a tobacco-pouch
Splore, a frolic, a noise, riot
Sprattle, to scramble
Spreckled, spotted, speckled
Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel
Sprit, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes
Sprittie, full of spirits
Spunk, fire, mettle, wit

Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; *will-o'wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*
Spurtle, a stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge, a notable Scotch dish
Squad, a crew, a party
Squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
Squattle, to sprawl
Squeel, a scream, a screech, to scream
Stacher, to stagger
Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
Staggie, the diminutive of stag
Stalwart, strong, stout
Stant', to stand; *stan't*, did stand
Stane, a stone
Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water
Stap, stop
Stark, stout
Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gad-fly
Staumrel, a blockhead, half-witted
Staw, did steal, to surfeit
Stech, to cram the belly
Stechin, cramming
Steek, to shut, a stitch
Steer, to molest, to stir
Steeve, firm, compacted
Stell, a still
Sten, to rear as a horse
Sten't, reared
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind
Stey, steep; *steyest*, steepest
Stibble, stubble; *stibblerig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead
Stick an' stow, totally, altogether
Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old
Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stockin, stocking; *throwing the stockin'*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and

the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will he married

Stooked, made up in shocks as corn

Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse

Stot, an ox

Stoup, or *stowp*, a kind of jug or dish with a bandle

Stoure, dust, *more particularly* dust in motion

Stowlins, by stealth

Stown, stolen

Stoyte, stumble

Strack, did strike

Strae, straw ; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed

Straik, did strike

Straikit, stroked

Strappan, tall and handsome

Straught, straight

Streck, stretched, to stretch

Striddle, to straddle

Stroan, to spout, to piss

Studdie, an anvil

Stumpie, diminutive of stump

Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind ; to walk sturdily

Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind

Sturt, trouole ;.to molest

Sturtin, frighted

Sucker, sugar

Sud, should

Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water

Suthron, southern, an old name for the English nation

Swaird, sward

Swall'd, swelled

Swank, stately, jolly

Swankie, or *swanker*, a tight strapping young fellow or girl

Swap, an exchange, to barter

Swarf, swoon
Swat, did sweat
Swatch, a sample
Swats, drink, good ale
Sweaten, sweating
Sweer, lazy, averse; *deadsweer*, extremely averse
Swoor, swore, did swear
Swinge, to beat, to whip
Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast, or pool, a knot in wood
Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots
Swith, get away
Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice
Syne, since, ago, then

T.

TACKETS, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes
Tae, a toe; *three-tae'd*, having three prongs
Tairge, target
Tak, to take; *takin*, taking
Tantallan, the name of a mountain
Tangle, a sea-weed
Tap, the top
Tapetless, heedless, foolish
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance
Tarrow't, murmured
Tarry-breeks, a sailor
Tauld, or *tald*, told
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person
Tauted, or *tautie*, matted together; spoken of hair or wool
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
Teat, a small quantity
Tedding, spreading after the mower
Ten-hours bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke, in the fore-noon

Tent, a field pulpit, heed, caution, take heed
Tentie, heedful, cautious
Tentless, heedless
Teugh, tough
Thack, thatch ; *thack an' rape*, clothing necessaries
Thae, these
Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings
Thankit, thanked
Theekit, thatched
Thegither, together
Themsel, themselves
Thick, intimate, familiar
Thievelese, cold, dry, spited ; spoken of a person's demeanour
Thir, these
Thirl, to thrill
Thirled, thrilled, vibrated
Thole, to suffer, to endure
Thowe, a thaw, to thaw
Thowless, slack, lazy
Throng, throng, a crowd
Thrapple, throat, windpipe
Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict
Thrawin, twisting, &c.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion
Threshin, thrashing
Threteen, thirteen
Thristle, thistle
Through, to go on with, to make out
Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise
Thumpit, thumped
Thysel, thyself
Till't, to it
Timmer, timber
Tine, to lose ; *tint*, lost
Tinkler, a tinker

Tint the gate, lost the way
Tip, a ram
Tippence, two-pence
Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover
Tirlin, uncovering
Tither, the other
Tittle, to whisper
Tittlin, whispering
Tocher, marriage portion
Tod, a fox
Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child
Toddlin, tottering
Toom, empty
Toop, a ram
Toun, a hamlet, a farmhouse
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.
Tow, a rope
Towmond, a twelvemonth
Towzie, rough, shaggy
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress
Toyte, to totter like old age
Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed
Trashtrie, trash
Trews, trowsers
Trickie, full of tricks
Trig, spruce, neat
Trimly, excellently
Trow, to believe
Trowth, truth, a petty oath
Trysted, appointed; to *tryste*, to make an appointment
Try't, tried
Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made
Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight
Twa, two
Twa-three, a few
'Twad, it would

twelve; *twal-pennie-worth*, a small quantity, a
ny-worth. N. B. *One penny English is* 12*d.*
tch
to part
a dog

U.

O, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodi-
us
s, news
nn'd, unknown
ker, unsure, unsteady
nith'd, undamaged, unhurt
eting, unwotting, unknowingly
upon
n, a hedge-hog

V.

RIN, vapouring
very
ring round a column, &c.

W.

wall; *wa's*, walls
er, a weaver
would, to bet, a bet, a pledge
a, would not
woe, sorrowful
ucks! or *waes me!* alas! O the pity
the cross thread that goes from the shuttle
ugh the web; woof
', wailing
to lay out, to expend
choice, to choose
, chose, chosen
, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of
ress
, the belly

Wamefu', a belly-full
Wanchansie, unlucky
Wanerestfu', restless
Wark, work
Wark-lume, a tool to work with
Warl, or *warld*, world
Warlock, a wizard
Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth
Warran, a warrant, to warrant
Warst, worst
Warstl'd, or *warsl'd*, wrestled
Wastrie, prodigality
Wat, wet; *I wat*, *I wot*, I know
Water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the additions of milk, butter, &c.
Wattle, a twig, a wand
Wauble, to swing, to reel
Waught, draught
Waukit, thickened as fullers do cloth
Waukrife, not apt to sleep
Waur, worse, to worst
Waur't, worsted
Wean, or *weanie*, a child
Wearie, or *weary*; *many a wearie body*, many a different person
Weason, weasand
Weaving the stocking. See *Throwing the stocking*, page 202
Wee, little; *wee things*, little ones; *wee bit*, a small matter
Weel, well; *weelfare*, welfare
Weet, rain, wetness
Weird, fate
We'se, we shall
Wha, who
Whaizle, to wheeze
Whalpit, whelped
Whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c. to give the strappado

Whare, where; *wharee'er*, wherever
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; *penny-wheep*, small-beer
Whase, whose
Whatreck, nevertheless
Whid, the motion of a hare, running but not frighted, a lie
Whidden, running as a hare or coney
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets
Whingin, crying, complaining, fretting
Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages
Whissle, a whistle, to whistle
Whisht, silence; *to hold one's whisht*, to be silent
Whisk, to sweep, to lash
Whiskit lashed
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor
Whun-stane, a winstone
Whyles, whiles, sometimes
Wi', with
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling
Wicker, willow (the smaller sort)
Wiel a small whirlpool
Wifie, a diminutive or endearing term for wife
Wimple, to meander
Wimpl't, meandered
Wimplin, waving, meandering
Win, to win, to winnow
Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn
Win', wind; *win's*, winds
Winna, will not
Winnock, a window
Winsome, hearty, wanton, gay
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel
Winze, an oath
Wiss, to wish
Withoutten, without
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk

Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation
Wons, dwells
Woo', wool
Woo, to court, to make love to
Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withs or willows
Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops
Wordy, worthy
Worset, worsted
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder
Wrack, to tease, to vex
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forbode the person's approaching death
Wrang, wrong, to wrong
Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow
Wud-mad, distracted
Wumble, a wimble
Wyle, beguile
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest
Wyte, blame, to blame

Y.

YE; this pronoun is frequently used for thou
Yearns, longs much
Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals
Year, is used both for singular and plural years
Yell, barren, that gives no milk
Yerk, to lash, to jerk
Yerkit, jerked, lashed
Yestreen, yesternight
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field
Yill, ale
Yird, earth

, yoking, a bout
beyond
el, yourself
, an ewe
e, diminutive of yow
Christmas

SELECT POEMS

OF

HECTOR MACNEILL:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE LIFE

OF

HECTOR MACNEILL.

THE following sketch has been drawn from the autobiography of the poet, in the possession of one of his friends:

HECTOR MACNEILL was descended from a respectable family, who possessed, for some centuries, a small hereditary estate in the southernmost district of Argyllshire. His father, after several vicissitudes of fortune, obtained a company in the 42d regiment of Scotch Highlanders, with whom he served several severe campaigns in Flanders. Having been seized with a dangerous pulmonary complaint, he disposed of his commission, and retired, with a wife and two children, to that beautiful residence, Rosebank, near Roslin, where, on the 22d of October 1746, the subject of this memoir was born, who, to use his own words, "amidst the murmur of streams, and the shades of Hawthornden, may be said to have inhaled with life the atmosphere of a poet."

Captain Macneill possessed all the generosity of a soldier, and all the hospitality of a Highlander, so that, in no long time, he found himself in circumstances somewhat embarrassed, and was forced to sell the delightful spot to which he had become

most strongly attached. He then retired to a farm on the banks of Loch Lomond, where, for several years, he enjoyed the calm pleasures of a rural life, with uninterrupted felicity to himself and his family. But having lost a considerable sum of money by the failure of one friend, and become involved in a lawsuit, in consequence of having been security for another, the latter part of his life was darkened by misfortune. An opulent relation in Bristol, having paid Captain Macneill a visit during his distresses, took a fancy for his little namesake, Hector, and promised to provide for him. Accordingly, after two years' preparatory education at a public seminary, the youth was sent, at the age of fourteen, to Bristol. The cousin, to whose charge he was committed, had been the Captain of a West India trader, and finally realized a considerable fortune, by various mercantile occupations. He was pleased with the diligence and ability of his ward, and determined that, like himself, he should become a merchant and a seaman. It was at first intended that he should be sent on a 'trying voyage' to the coast of Guinea, in a slave-ship; but this plan was laid aside, and Hector Macneill was entered on board the Ruby, Captain Henderson, bound to St. Christophers and Antigua, as *ordinary*, but was birthed with the second mate, gunner, and carpenter, in the steerage. If he liked the sea, something was to be done for him on his returning to port; if not, his cousin gave him introductory letters to some of his particular friends, in St. Christophers, together with one for his son, who had the charge of his father's store-houses in that island.

The voyage to St. Christophers completely sickened young Macneill with the sea, and after a year's unsatisfactory residence on that island with his patron's son, he sailed for Guadaloupe, on an engagement of three years, in the employ of a merchant

there, which had been represented to him as in all respects highly eligible. In this situation he met with nothing but insults and bad treatment, and Guadaloupe having been, in virtue of the treaty of peace between England and France, restored to the latter, the merchant with whom he lived departed for America, and left him, at the age of seventeen, to shift for himself, with only eight or ten pistoles in his pocket, and not a single friend who cared for him in the island. After many difficulties, he contrived to get a passage to St. John's, Antigua, where he found the cousin with whom he had parted at St. Kitt's, and immediately began to assist him as a clerk. Finding, however, that this person expected him to work day and night without any salary, he quitted his employment, and found himself once more set adrift, and at the mercy of the waves of fortune. It was not long, however, till he was recommended by a friend to the Provost-Marshal of Grenada, as a person qualified, by his general talents, and more particularly by his knowledge of the French language, to assist in his office,—and being chosen to the situation, he soon afterwards arrived at St. George's Town in that island. Here he lived happily and usefully for three years, discharging the duties of his office with great credit, and respected by all. Here too, had he been of a money-making disposition, he might have realized some fortune, but unluckily for himself, he was not, and after six year's residence in the West Indies, his sole property was an unblemished reputation. At this time he heard that his mother and sister were dead, and upbraiding himself for having allowed his family to remain so long ignorant of his fate in life, he resolved to return to his father's house, and see what prospects might open up for him in his native country.

About eighteen months after Hector's return to Scotland, his father died, leaving him but a very

slender patrimony. This he was advised to sink in an annuity! and for several years he contrived, on £80 per annum, not only to support himself, but also three other persons who had unfortunately become dependent on his justice and humanity. He had, fatally for his happiness and respectability, yet from circumstances originating in romantic generosity, formed a connexion which he found it impossible for him to break off; and it was not till the failure of the person from whom he had purchased his annuity startled him from his indolent and delusive life, that he saw the necessity of tearing himself away from his luckless family ties, and of getting into some employment to ward off the immediate approach of poverty and dependence. Through the interest of a friend in London, he was received as an assistant into the Secretary's office, in the Victory, Admiral Geary's flag-ship, at that time commanded by the celebrated Captain Kempenfeldt, and made two cruizes with the grand fleet, during which nothing of importance occurred; but seeing no prospect of advancement in a profession most uncongenial with his habits and dispositions, he gave up his equivocal and unproductive situation, and again turned his face towards Scotland. In Liverpool he was induced to remain for some months, by his friendship with Messrs. Currie and Roscoe, (men who afterwards became so illustrious,) and with the benevolent and wise Rathbone, who most affectionately loved him; and while there, he received intelligence of his being appointed to the same kind of situation which he had formerly held, on board the flag-ship of Sir Richard Bickerton, appointed to take the chief command of the naval power in India, in the room of Sir Edward Hughes. After three years absence from Britain—during which he was in the last undecisive action with Suffrein, and encountered most of the difficulties and dangers incident to a

sea-faring life—Hector Macneill returned as poor a man as before, fortune having never once smiled upon him—and that promotion which his acknowledged good conduct and excellent talents deserved, having been constantly retarded by some inauspicious event or other, till at last all prospect of ultimate success was finally closed. In this seemingly hopeless situation he again revisited Scotland; and having raised a few hundred pounds on the security, such as it was, of his annuity, he retired to a farm-house near Stirling, and for a year or two gave himself up entirely to literary pursuits, and more especially to the study of poetry, for which he had in early life shewn both inclination and genius, although the hardships and vicissitudes of fortune had left him but little opportunity of cultivating those powers, and enjoying those pleasures in manhood, which had been the delight and ornament of his early youth. In this retirement he seems to have enjoyed much happiness; for he possessed an elasticity and buoyancy of mind which kept him elate and cheerful under circumstances that would have depressed most men into utter despondency. It was then that he made his first appearance before the public as a poet; but, though his poem, which was purely descriptive of local scenery, gained him some reputation among his own friends, and with the inhabitants of the beautiful country therein described, this his first attempt was considered by the public as almost a complete failure, and sunk at once into oblivion. Perceiving that poetry was not likely to be a gainful trade, he once more resolved to enter into active life; and having procured some letters of introduction, to opulent and powerful persons in Jamaica, he set sail for that island, on a voyage of adventure, being now in his thirty-eighth year, and as unprovided for as when he first embarked on the troubled sea of life.

On his arrival at Kingston, Hector Macneill became an assistant to the Collector of the Customs, a gentleman with whom he had formed acquaintance during the voyage. This worthy person, however, took [illegible] opportunity that occurred of getting rid of [illegible] as soon as he found that he could transact the business of his office without his assistance, and Macneill found himself once more, not only totally destitute at present, but hopeless of future employment. The letters of introduction, which he had brought to some eminent persons, were of no use to him: and in his emergency, he had no other resource [illegible] to accept, for a time, of the hospitality of a medical friend, at whose house, situated in a beautiful valley, he took up his temporary abode. He soon afterwards discovered that two of the dearest companions of his boyhood were settled in Jamaica, and from their friendship he received every kind of [illegible] that his situation required, and promises, afterwards fully realized, of future encouragement and support, in case of the failure of those schemes which he was about to carry into execution. These, it would appear, were somewhat vague and indefinite; and a favourable opportunity having soon occurred of returning to Britain, Hector Macneill was prevailed on to embrace it, and to try his chance once more in his native country. Before he quitted Jamaica, he had the satisfaction of seeing his two boys, who had been sent out by a generous friend, comfortably settled; and having, through the interest of the Governor's secretary, received a small sum of money as the pay of an inland ensigncy, now conferred on him, but antedated, he set sail in good spirit, and in a few months found himself once more in Scotland.

During his homeward voyage, Macneill had finished a poem, which he had begun before he last left Scotland, and he now published it, under the

patronage of Mr. Grahame of Gartmore, who had long loved the Poet, and admired his genius. This poem, which is called the 'Harp,' and founded on an interesting Highland tradition, was not very successful on its first publication, but became afterwards a favourite, and brought the author considerable reputation. For some years, Hector Macneill resided with his friend in Stirlingshire, and became engaged to marry the sister of his wife, in the event of procuring any situation that could enable him to support a family. This attachment proved most distressing to both parties; for some unexpected circumstances having broken the ties of that friendship on which he chiefly relied, Macneill seeing that nothing but misery could result from the marriage, felt himself imperiously called on, by a sense of honour, to tear himself away for ever from the object of his affections.

On the unfortunate termination of this affair, Hector Macneill retired into Argyllshire, and passed some time with his father's relations. He then visited Glasgow, and, through the generosity of a friend and namesake there, was on the eve of entering into a mercantile concern, when the events of the year 1793 overturned the commercial prosperity of that city. He accordingly took up his residence in Edinburgh, having been able again to raise some money on his annuity; but he was now attacked with a severe nervous complaint, and for six years suffered inexpressible wretchedness from pain of body and depression of mind. During this dismal night of darkness and disease, he retired to a solitary cottage near St. Ninians, Stirlingshire, and there tried to direct his faculties once more to poetry. It was there that he wrote his 'Will and Jean,' a composition that instantly became popular, in the best sense of the word, and acquired for him that for which his soul had often panted—the reputation of a poet.

The despondency, however, under which he had long laboured, instead of being lightened by applause, deepened at last into despair, and, with a view of trying the effects of a tropical climate, he determined to revisit Jamaica. He there found one of those friends who had formerly been so kind to him, possessed of affluence, and, in consequence of his brother's death, disposed to return to his native country. This generous man insisted on settling a small annuity on his friend, in obedience to wishes often expressed by his deceased brother; and in a few months they set sail together for Britain, where Macneill arrived with improved health and spirits, and with the prospect of passing the remainder of his days in serenity and comfort. During his absence too, his poetical fame had greatly increased, for he was looked on at his departure as a dying man, and his poems had been read with that kind of pathetic interest which breathes from the memorials of departed genius. The booksellers now became his friends, and he received a moderate sum for the copy-right of his various poetical productions. His medical friend in Jamaica, who died about this time, bequeathed to him one half of his little property; and he soon afterwards, by the death of his son, acquired a farther addition to his fortune. His circumstances were now easy, and he continued, till the day of his death, free from those distressing embarrassments, in which, in spite of all his talents and activity, he had been almost constantly involved, till he was upwards of fifty years of age. His residence was fixed, for the last fifteen years of his life, at Edinburgh; and he enjoyed, in its enlightened society, the respect and friendship of all who knew him—and, though he wrote but little poetry, continued assiduously to pursue, in serene retirement, those elegant studies, which he had never lost sight of in the most turbulent and distracting scenes of an ad-

venturous and checkered life. He died the 15th of March, 1818, having, for a considerable time, suffered much from a general decay of the primary powers of nature.

From this sketch of the life of Hector Macneill, it will be seen that, from early boyhood, till that season when the imagination, in some measure, is deadened or decays, he had but few intervals of undisturbed leisure and serenity, during which he could devote himself to the impulses of his poetical genius. Indeed, his whole life, till he was far advanced in years, was a ceaseless struggle with adversity; and a mind which unquestionably was framed by nature for the enjoyment of all liberal pursuits, was kept too constantly filled and agitated by anxiety and care. In estimating, therefore, his poetical character, and the merit of his writings, it is necessary that we hold in view the many unfavourable circumstances under which that poetical character grew, and those writings were composed. When we do so, we feel at once that Macneill was a man of genius. We perceive the flashings—the outbreakings of a true poetical spirit, through those clouds that so long enveloped it—and, independently of their intrinsic beauty, which is often very great, his productions have a strong charm about them, as the effusions of an original and feeling mind escaping gladly from the necessities of life into the delightful world of the imagination.

The poem on which his reputation chiefly rests is 'Scotland's Skaith; or the History of Will and Jean.' It took at once a strong hold on the affections and feelings of the people of Scotland; and will, without doubt, retain its place among our national poetry, in the same rank with the best compositions of Burns. It is indeed a most beautiful narrative ballad, finely and delicately conceived—simply and gracefully expressed. Nothing can be better than the picture there drawn of the happy

life, and interesting character of the Scottish peasantry—and great skill is shown in describing, without the slightest coarseness or vulgarity, the degradation of that life and character, by wretchedness and vice. A ballad so true to nature, and so full of instruction, cannot be unimportant to the cause of morality—and, as it has an existence in the hearts of the people, there can be no doubt that it has often joined its influence with other causes to guard the young from the insidious approaches of that vice, whose ruinous effects it so pathetically describes and deplores. The praise of this poem is not now, perhaps, much heard in book-shops or literary coteries—but it lives in the memory of many thousand virtuous hearts, who feel, ignorant and poor though they may be, the sanctity of their own small household—and cherish, with enthusiastic love, that poetry, in which are recorded their own simple annals.

The genius of Hector Macneill also shone with peculiar beauty in his various little lyrical compositions, and songs breathed to the touching music of his country. Many of these songs have become part of our national lyrics, and it would not be easy to find any superior to some of them in simplicity and tenderness, and, above all, in that unity of feeling which is essential to such poetry. There are exhibited in them many specimens of that mingled gaiety and pathos which seems to mark the passion of love in all simple states of society; they are distinguished from the songs of real shepherds, only by the ornaments of Art working in the spirit of Nature—and have often been sung by the maiden at her wheel, as songs of former days framed by some bard in lowly life. Our limits prevent us from quoting any of them at present, but we refer our readers to 'Donald and Flora,' 'Mary of Castle-Cary,' 'The Rose of Kirtle,' 'The Lammie,' 'Come under my Plaidy,' 'O tell me how for to woo,' 'Jeanie's Black Ee,' &c.

Of Hector Macneill, we have now shortly spoken as a Poet—we could also with pleasure, speak of him as a Man. His high sense of honour—his unbending integrity—and his unostentatious spirit of independence, were well known to all who enjoyed his friendship. He was a sincere friend, and a fascinating companion; and when his mind was perfectly serene and happy, in the absence of those nervous complaints to which he was always subject, he delighted all companies by the liveliness of his illustrations, the originality of his remarks, and a boundless fund of curious and characteristic anecdote.

Macneill, on his last return to Edinburgh, was a tall fine looking old man, with a very sallow complexion, and a dignified and somewhat austere expression of countenance. He published a variety of essays in prose, and a novel in two volumes, 8vo. entitled 'The Scottish Adventurers, or the Way to Rise.'

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO

HECTOR MACNEILL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF WILL AN' JEAN.

The daisy-flower may blaw unseen
On mountain-tap—in valley green!
The rose alane, in native sheen,
Its head may raise!
Nae musing bardie now, I ween,
To sing their praise!

Nae pensive minstrel wight we see
Gang saunt'ring o'er the claver lee!
The fireflaughts dartin' frae his ee
The wilds amang!
Wha native freaks wi' native glee
Sae sweetly sang!

His was the gift, wi' magic power,
To catch the thought in happy hour;
To busk his verse wi' ilka flower
O' fancy sweet!
An' paint the birk or brushwood bower,
Whar lovers meet!

But now he fills his silent ha'!
My sweetest minstrel's fled awa!—
Yet shall his weel-won laurels blaw
Through future days,
'Till weary time in flenders a'
The warld lays!"

Such *was* the dowie plaint o' wae
Which Scotia made by bank an' brae,
Whan Burns—(puir Burns!) was ta'en away
And laid at rest!—
(Green grow the grass!—light lie the clay
Upon his breast!)

But *now* she draps the waefu' tale,
And notes o' transport fill the gale;
Nae longer down the silent vale
She lanely mourns,
And to her cheek, ance lily pale,
The rose returns!

The streaks o' joy glint in her face,
Thy steps, Macneill, sweet bard! to trace;
To mark wi' nature's peerless grace
Thy blossoms blaw!
Happy to see thee fill the place
O' him awa!

How sairlic does her bosom beat
At puir misfortune's wretched state!
While tracing WILL through poortith great
And prospects drear!
And at thy JEANIE'S hapless fate
She draps a tear!

Then mark, sweet minstrel o' the day!
Thy Scotia's sons an' maidens gay;
Her deep wild glens; her mountains grey,
Wi' misty head;
And eke her ilka sunny brae
Wi' flow'rs o'erspread!

What time alane thou may'st retire,
May these thy fairy thoughts inspire,
And set thy manly saul on fire
In Scotia's praise;
And mak thee strike thy native lyre
To saftest lays!

To wake the pangs Despair maun dree,
Whan driven houseless o'er the lee;
To strike the strings o' Sympathie
Whan griefs combine;
To start the tear in Pity's ee—
The task be thine.

RICHARD GALL.

Edinburgh, Oct. 11, 1799.

THE

PASTORAL, OR LYRIC MUSE

OF

SCOTLAND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FANCIFUL as poetical productions generally are, we naturally look for something more than mere imaginary painting, when the subject turns on national manners or events. It may therefore be necessary, thus early to intimate to the critical reader, that if he expects to find the following Poem founded on some *historical* fact, or traditionary testimony, he will be disappointed. Nor let him attribute this defect to the negligence or stupidity of the author, but to those who have most unaccountably deprived him of these valuable sources of information. Had our early annalists and succeeding historians, instead of devoting their whole attention to intestine feuds, warfare, and hostilities, bestowed the tenth part of their labours on the *manners, customs*, and *rural occupations* of our ancestors, an author would have had little to plead in excuse for having reared a poetical fabric without some solid foundation, or for having painted national scenes and events, founded chiefly on conjecture and analogical deduction. Effectually excluded from all information on these interesting subjects by the causes just specified, and unfurnished with any materials for ascertaining the real condition of the

Scottish *peasantry* during particular periods in our history, the author has availed himself of the only resources left him, namely, the untutored strains of national melody and song, or what may not improperly be called the *evidence* of national POETRY and MUSIC.

The scope, tendency, and object, therefore, of the following production, are to describe the united influence of these sister arts in harmonizing the passions, regulating the affections, and suppressing the turbulence of an uncivilized and barbarous people. By *Music* and *Poetry* is not here meant such as are usually met with in polished and refined society, but that species of simple melody and uncultivated song, which, without artificial ornamente, or fastidious correctness, touch the heart with genuine Nature, and awaken the feelings of sympathy, affection, and love. In addressing the inhabitants of his native country, who have long felt and acknowledged the influence of their national music, the author need hardly remark, that the particular species here alluded to is the Pastoral Airs and Lyrical compositions peculiar to the southern districts of this part of the kingdom, which have uniformly been considered as the Arcadia of Scotland. From the effects invariably produced by these tender and passionate productions, the author was naturally led to think that the progressive improvement of *manners* and *sentiments*, in that once sanguinary quarter, must have been considerably indebted to their united influence; and although nothing has been transmitted to establish the fact, or to authorize the conjecture, he is likewise disposed to think, from a variety of circumstances inseparably connected with the compositions them-

selves, that a number of the most popular of our southern songs and melodies were produced in consequence of a material change in the situation or condition of the inhabitants.

It is almost unnecessary to remark, that the frequent change of measure in the versification was adopted merely to give corresponding effect to the different subjects introduced in the Poem. The Spenserian stanza, with all its advantages for harmony and sententiousness, is, however, apt to become languid in productions of any length; and exclusively of the difficulty annexed to a judicious and musical construction of this measure in our language, it can never prove favourable to Lyrical composition, which requires one more light and airy to render the subject sufficiently interesting.

Edinburgh, 1st December, 1808.

THE

PASTORAL, OR LYRIC MUSE

OF

SCOTLAND.

CANTO FIRST.

When shall the woes of War and Discord cease!
When shall the morn of Harmony arise!
When shall the dawn of Concord, Love, and Peace,
Break through the gloom, and light dark Europe's skies!—
Vain dream!—for see! to grasp the blood-stain'd prize,
Ambition, maddening, wades through seas of gore,
Lists, careless, to the groans and dying sighs
Of myriads overwhelm'd, to rise no more;
And none but Britons smile, around their parent shore!
Oh, deaf to nature! and to bliss unknown!
How long shall carnage brutify mankind?
Whirl'd in tempestuous storms, by pride up-blown,
How long shall phantoms fascinate and blind?

Health—comfort—hope; a gay contented mind,
Are all we here can want, or need to crave;
And may not *these* delight, if friendship twin'd
The bonds of love, life's social sweets to save,
And gild the traveller's path with sunshine to the grave?

One sportive summer's day is all that's given
To cheer the transient gleam of insect bliss,
Warm'd by the genial influence of Heaven,
They burst to life, and love, and happiness:
Roving on raptured wing, no ills oppress;
Fruition bounds the circuit of their joy;—
Shall Man alone no kindred charms possess?
Must storm and gloom *his* summer's day destroy,
Nor peace nor social sweets his fleeting hours employ?—

Ah me! encompass'd with afflictions drear!
Pain—sickness—sorrow, and disastrous fate;
The want of friendship's aid, to sooth and cheer,
And softening still the murmurs of regret;
The loss of all we loved, and prized so late,
Torn from the breast, where hope and transport smiled!—
Are *these* not ills enow?—must rage, and hate,
And strife, and uproar join in discord wild,
Steel the relentless heart, and spurn affections mild?

Can nought compose these tumults that repel
The gentler throbs of nature, and prevent
The playful current of our joys to swell
In fond delight, or glide in calm content?—

Yes!—Heaven, with all her bounties, kindly sent
To mitigate the pangs of human pain,
Has given the Muse, with tones mellifluent,
To cheer, inspire, and charm in varied strain,
With fancy, virtue, peace, and all her smiling train!

Lapt in her lays, that cherish and reform,
And lure the mind to all that's guiltless fair,
Lull'd are the tempests that upheave, and storm
The labouring breast of avarice and care:
Retirement's calm is all *he* longs to share
Who thrills at nature's glow, and woos her charms;
Hails her excitements; paints her beauties rare;
Thoughtless of want; unruffled with alarms;
And such the bard, I ween! whose breast true passion warms.

A time there was:—alas! how changed!—how gone!
When worth and friendship link'd each social heart;
Awaked by nature's call, in powerful tone
The numbers flow'd; free, negligent of art;
Warm was the strain! impetuous to impart
Whate'er for love or virtue could inspire
Affections strong; each Minstrel felt the dart
Of passion, kindling with poetic fire,
While Pity struck the chords and tuned the Ossianic lyre.

But scared by feud, that gen'rates war and crime,
And sweeps the loves and virtues soon away,

The Muses, trembling, fled their hostile clime,
And wandering skulk'd, where power, with ruffian sway,
O'erawed the minstrel band.—Quick changed the lay;
Servile and mean, arose a mongrel crew;
And, as they sung of spoil and midnight fray,
Waked the discordant tones, untuned, untrue,
Which Nature never own'd, nor Pity ever drew!

Stung with the sounds, oppress'd with grief and pain,
Sad, o'er the wild, a sister mourner fled;
Her robe, neglected, swept the desert plain,
The bleak wind whistling round her laurell'd head;
Fast down her faded cheek, late rosy red,
The tide of silent sorrow trickling fell!—
Ask you the mourner's name?—'twas Music, led
By wilder'd grief, her plaintive notes to swell
Safe where the Muses sung, within their shelter'd dell.

Near to the choral band, embower'd and hid
From rapine, hate, and feud's relentless ire;
Low in a grassy vale, where, tame, the kid
And lambkin dancing play'd, a ruin'd sire
Secluded lived. Escaped from whelming fire
At midnight's murdering hour, swift, through the roar
Of wintry storms, he fled from horrors dire,
And with an infant—saved of all his store!
To Yarrow's sylvan banks the blooming treasure bore.

Here, lonely screen'd, affection urged to save
The helpless life dependent on his aid;
His sheltering roof, the bank's deep echoing cave;
His food, the wild fruits glean'd around the glade!—
Heaven, favouring, smiled. A lamb, that wilder'd stray'd
Within the grot, the' experienced sire retain'd,
Lured by its bleating cries, fond, undismay'd,
The dam swift follow'd, answering as it plain'd,
And with her milky store two helpless lives sustain'd.

Thus nightly lur'd, the wintry season past;
Returning spring increased the fleecy fold;
Contentment sooth'd, and deaden'd woes at last,
While years untroubled came, and passing roll'd:
The stripling grew; the sire, though frail and old,
Beheld, with cheering hope, his shepherd boy
Secured from want. Each eve the warrior told
The tales of former happiness and joy,
And all the woes of feud, that ruin and destroy!

And oft, to cheat and cheer the lingering hour,
The hoary sage would wake the legend strain;
Recount the marvellous deeds of martial power,
And paint the tumult of the' embattled plain;
Yet, while he sung the carnage of the slain,
In sorrow's tone, soft pity's sighs he drew;
And checking rising fervour, show'd how vain
The pride of *conquest*, slaughtering to subdue!
Compared with virtue's charms, unchanging—ever new.

And oft, I ween! to warm impassion'd youth
With all that's courteous, generous, just, and brave,
Instructive age would blend with moral truth
Romantic feats, when dauntless Knighthood gave
Its bright example to reform; and save
Unshelter'd virtue from oppression's power;
Chastised dishonour; freed the injured slave
Of tyrant thrall; attack'd the dragon-bower;
Broke beauty's captive spell, and storm'd the' enchanted tower.

Touch'd with the subject of the evening's lay,
The stripling caught the sorrows that were sung,
And wandering, lonely, with his flock by day,
Conn'd the sad tales, o'er which he nightly hung;
And much he wish'd (unpractised yet and young)
In suited strains, emotions to unfold,
When from the neighb'ring dell, sweet warbling rung
The Muses' varied notes—now soft, now bold,
And to his ravish'd ear the' important secret told.

'Twas then arose, united, and refined,
The witching strains of Melody and Song!
True to each note the charms of verse combined
The power of thought, impassion'd—moral—strong;
Through wood and vale, re-echoed sweet among
The haunts of quiet, soft the warbling rose:—
Flocks listening gaze; arrested oft, and long,
The bounding roe-buck and his woodland does
Turn captived by the sound harmonious as it flows!

Thrill'd with the charm!—enchanted with the art!
The fond enthusiast, listening to the choir,
Felt the warm flash of genius shoot athwart
His ardent brain, and caught the' electric fire;
And as he listening heard the changing lyre,
Sweet as the Muses sung the Pastoral lay,
Now melting soft to passion's warm desire;
Now lightly brisk to rural joys and play,
Whole nights and summer days past unperceived
away!

They sung of love, and lovers' pains,*
Their joys, and softened sorrow;
They sung contentment's rural strains
Around the 'Braes o' Yarrow;'
On 'Etterick banks' was heard the reed
That piped to pastoral leisure,
And echoing sweet round winding Tweed
Was heard the varying measure;

And Teviotdale returned the sound
With all its groves embowering,
And 'Galla water's' green hills crown'd
With whins and wild thyme flowering;
Blithe were the strains by 'Cowden knows'
And 'Leader's haughs' and river!
But sad! where Jed's stream murm'ring flows
The blithe notes echoed never!
For war with blood stained Jed's sweet shore
When love oft wail'd her marrow,

* The Pastoral Songs.

And wafted mid the tempest's roar
  The sound was heard at Yarrow.

Sad o'er the lone vales as it swept,
  And thrill'd the heart with anguish,
The Muses changed the lyre, and wept;*
  Love's notes were heard to languish;
The rural pipe neglected lay!
No sound was heard by night or day
    But melting 'dule and sorrow!'
Beside some bank or willow'd stream
Soft Pity tuned the mournful theme,
And starting, saw in frightful dream
    Some lover drown'd in Yarrow!

But had you seen the Shepherd boy
  When Song and Music fired his breast,
Tune the loved instruments with joy
  That by the Muses' skill express'd
  The varied Passions that confess'd
The power of Nature's artless sway;
  You would have sworn the ruin'd mind
  To reason lost—wild—unconfined
Had wing'd its maniac way!

Oh! had you seen him as he stray'd,
Rapt, through the greenwood's lonely shade,
    When silence reign'd at even,
And heard him pour his varied song
Descriptive—moral—melting—strong!
    Inspired by favouring Heaven,

* The Ballad Strains.

You would have hail'd him as he stood
Entranced in fond poetic mood,
The genius of the grove;
And thought you heard by bank and spring
Responsive sweet! the wood-nymphs sing
Of rural peace and love!—

The Muses markt, and raptured smiled,
And as they claspt loved Nature's child
Delighted to their breast,
In tears of joy they blest the morn
On which a *Shepherd bard* was born
To charm rude minds to rest.
'And take,' they cried, 'the pastoral reed
That pipes to peace and pleasure,
And sing while flocks round Yarrow feed
The sweets of rural leisure;
Yet midst the charms that song bestows
Think of the child of sorrow,
Who whelm'd to-night with warfare's woes,
Weeps o'er her lot to-morrow!

Attune the lyre! but let it sound
To every answering dale around
The melody of woe!
For melody and song assail
The frozen heart, when miseries fail
To melt the' infuriate foe:
Sad let it ring! to *Nature* free!
Unmarr'd by art-trick'd minstrelsy;
For art and nature ill agree
When passion bursting speaks;

While left alone to play her part,
Deep-melting sorrow wrings the heart,
And oft the heart, too, breaks!

But when Pleasure's warm sensation
Prompts the mirth-inspiring strain,
Snatch, fond Youth! the blest occasion
To light transport up again!
Pleasure's joys may fly to-morrow,
Hail them while they kindling move!
Life was ne'er foredoom'd to sorrow
Cheer'd with melody and love!
Ever changing—ever fleeting,
Life is but an April day,
Smiling—frowning—tempting—cheating!
Hail its sun-beams while they play.

Song and *melody* can lighten
Loads that bend the drooping soul,
Gild the gloom of fate, and brighten
Regions darkling round the pole;
Cheering with their warm intrusion
Iceland shivering feels the glow,
Lapland, yielding to illusion
Smiles amid eternal snow:*

Nor freezing blasts from Alpine height
Can chill the fervent pleasure;
Nor climes where softer charms invite,
Obliterate the *measure:*

* See Icelandic and Lapland Poetry.

Where'er he roams, bold, calm, or gay,
Re-wake the strain which youth's blithe day
Heard round Helvetia's steeps,
Tho' nurs'd in war—to valour bred,
The *soldier* gone!—fame—glory fled,
Thinks of his home, and weeps!*

O patriot passion! close entwin'd
With friendship warm, and love refined,
Resistless is thy power!
Let wealth with grandeur gild his lot,
The wanderer still sighs for his cot,
His hill and native bower!
And while he sighs, and frequent turns,
With ardent mind, and breast that burns,
To scenes no longer near!
Each simple air his mother sung,
Placed on her knee when helpless young,
Still vibrates on his ear!

* 'There is a dance in Switzerland which the young shepherds perform to a tune played on a sort of bagpipe. The tune is called *Rance des Vaches;* it is wild and irregular, but has nothing in its composition that could recommend it to our notice. But the Swiss are so intoxicated with this tune, that if at any time they hear it when abroad in foreign service, they burst into tears; and often fall sick, and even die, of a passionate desire to revisit their native country; for which reason, in some armies where they serve, the playing of this tune is prohibited. This tune having been the attendant of their childhood and early youth, recals to their memory those regions of wild beauty and rude magnificence; those days of liberty and peace; those nights of festivity; those happy assemblies; those tender passions, which formerly endeared to them their country, their homes, and their employments; and which, when compared with the scenes of uproar they are now engaged in, and the servitude they now undergo, awaken such regret as entirely overpowers them.'
BEATTIE *on Poetry and Music.*

But weave the partial theme, where pity gave
Unblemish'd valour to the warrior slain;
Or, strew with flowers of praise the lover's grave,
Unbless'd with hallow'd dust, or funeral train,
And chant each mournful dirge in sorrow's doleful
strain!

Lured by the sounds, sad floating on the gale,
Accordant to the breast of plaintive woe,
The neighb'ring shepherds sought the tuneful vale,
And melting heard compassion's number's flow;
And as they felt the charm, and wept the blow
Of adverse fate, they loved the lay that shed
The' embalming dew of praise on those laid low;
For sorrow loves to hear the favourite dead
Receive the look'd for meed that cheers death's
gloomy bed!

Listening they caught the *melody* of song,
While mem'ry held the moral of the lay;
And circling wide the pastoral haunts among,
Love nightly heard what passion framed by day:
For as each songster, save from war's dismay
By secret bank and streamlet mused alone,
Flowing the numbers came;—now sad—now gay,
As warm emotions burst in varied tone
To love's enchanting joys, or grief's lamenting
moan.

Spreading at length they reach'd the banner'd hall
Of plundering chief, and haughty baron bold,
Dead'ning the pangs of guilt in festive brawl
As round in savage mirth intemperance roll'd;

More savage still, the *minstrel strains* extoll'd
The crimes of midnight deeds and horrors fell!
When thrilling warm through breasts insensate cold,
The moral Muse transfused her magic spell,
Waked the lost mind to thought, and struck the Pastoral shell!

Sweet is the charm! when round the social board
Pure friendship weaves the myrtle with the vine;
But sweeter still, when o'er each trembling chord
Soft Sympathy awaked by strains divine
Steals kindling warm; created to refine,
And light the' expanding soul, released and free
From sordid lusts, and selfish cares that twine
Around the' unfeeling heart, shut out—ah me!
From ev'ry sound of woe, love, mirth, or melody!

Deep rung the lyre! for dismal was the tale
That chronicled the ills of feudal waste!
Wild rose the strain! but soft as summer's gale
Came Pity wafted to the conscious breast;
And while the theme with artless truth impress'd
The wants and woes that spring from warfare's spoil,
It pointed cheering to the path, where blest
With annual plenty, Industry and Toil
Smile round their cultured lawns, and rich rewarding soil.

It sung of joys—unknown to carnage dread!
Of charms, that soothing, gild life's frequent gloom;
Content, mild beaming round the peasant's shed,
Comforts that cheer, and prospects that illume;

Labour unfretful, yielding to the doom
That mingles worldly ill with heavenly good;
Till resignation, smiling to the tomb,
Sheds mellow'd lustre o'er vicissitude
Soft as mild Cynthia's rays o'er upland, lake, and
wood!

It sung of war;—but war unstain'd with crime!
It sung of strife;—but strife with glory crown'd;
Of spoils—but spoils obtained by feasts sublime,
Slavery o'erwhelm'd—her captured leaders bound;
Banners, high waved to victory's gladd'ning sound;
Triumphant swell'd to liberty and pride,
As from the' ensanguined field, and corse-strew'd
ground
(Changing to blood famed Bannockburn! thy tide)
Strode Scotia's patriot sons;—with freedom by
their side.

But mournful was the strain, and wailing wild
The sound of Scotia's loss, and Scotia's woe!
When lifeless strew'd, unhonour'd and defiled,
On Flowden's field she saw her warriors low,
Her 'forest flowers' no more in vernal blow!
Dazzling the raptured eye as bright they shed
Their radiance round, to warm with martial glow
Each patriot breast; while waving o'er their head
High tower'd the monarch oak in regal grandeur
spread.

Yet, while in sorrow's tone the numbers roll'd,
Plaining and wild to faithless Fortune's frown,

Prophetic struck, the Scottish Muse foretold
Succeeding days of glory and renown,
When link'd in *Union*, laurell'd wreaths should crown
Her valiant sons, and minstrels of the dale
And future bards in powerful accents drown
Desponding murmurs, and lamenting wail,
And weave on Flodden-Field a Marmion's pictured tale.

Rapt in successive visions as they rose,
She sung of deeds conceal'd from mortal eye,
Of heroes, doom'd oppression to oppose,
Bounding o'er waves, to conquer or to die!
'On Egypt's shore,' she cried, 'shall valour, high
Upborne by freedom, guard what freemen prize,
With phalanx firm, and dauntless look defy
Outnumber'd legions, and inclement skies,
Till awed on Maida's plain proud Gallia shrinks and—flies.

'A time will come, when roused by treachery's guile,
An injured land, determined to be free,
Shall turn for aid to Britain's guardian isle,
The foster home of long-nursed Liberty!
Swift at the call, Iberia arm'd shall see
Congenial bands, by valour waved o'er,
Rush onward as the shout of victory
Rings from Vimeira's heights to Tagus' shore,
While distant vales repeat—Braganza reigns once more!

'Fame to the brave! (she sung in ardent tone!)
Who for their country's safety nobly fall;
Revered tho' lost; 'graved on no mouldering stone,
Their names still live! adored and loved by all:
Unwarp'd by interest, deaf to party brawl,
Aroused by danger, warm'd by valour's flame,
Pure honour glowing, lists but to the call
Of *duty's* sacred, never-ceasing claim,
Till virtue rears the tomb, and 'graves—a Patriot's name!

'And fame,' she cried, 'shall sound her clarion long
For those who, warm'd by truth, the lyre shall string
To peace and concord, wove in deathless song,
As love and friendship sail on downy wing,—
And such shall come!—I see by bank and spring
Deckt in their rosy wreaths, the tuneful train!
My Ednam bard,* by Nature woo'd to sing
Her unmar'd beauties in unrivall'd strain;
My moral minstrel bold;† my heav'n-taught rustic swain!‡

'And thee! my pastoral warbler,§ in whose lays
My airs, revived, shall ring round burn and knowe,
Blithe as the "Gentle Shepherd" piping strays
O'er Pentland's height, or sings in "Habbies How;"
But chief my songstress!‖ on whose modest brow
I see the tragic muse the chaplet bind,

* Thomson. † Beattie. ‡ Burns.
§ Ramsay. ‖ Joanna Baillie.

Fresh as when cull'd from Avon's mulberry bough
And meads bright varied as her Shakspeare's mind,
The' unfading wreath she wove, and round his temples twined!'

More had she sung;—but mindful of the lot
Of measur'd life, she droopt, and heaved a sigh,
Condemned her pride, and turning to each spot
Where mute one day each tuneful bard would lie
Her sorrows flow'd!—yet while they dimm'd her eye,
Re-cheer'd she saw, bright thro' the gathering gloom,
A favourite's blossom'd grave in vernal dye,
Where new-blown roses, fresh in annual bloom,
Bedeck'd the wintry turf that wrapt her aged Home.*

Touch'd with her praise, and emulous of fame,
(Dear to the heart that owns poetic charms!)
The Shepherds listening, felt ambition's flame,
Guiltless of aught that fires to slaughtering arms:
Peace lent the glow;—oppressed with wild alarms'
And stung with crimes that rent the mourner's breast,
Each strove to light the genial flame that warms
To social joy, when love smiles war to rest,
Unbinds the scaring helm, and hides the bloddy ed crest.

* John Home, the celebrated author of Douglas, who seems to have dropt in the grave unnoticed and forgot!

And first, to wake Compassion, dead
  In breasts long torn asunder
With ranc'rous hate, and carnage dread
  Mid uproar, rage, and plunder,
They tuned the chord to misery's moan,
A wild, disorder'd, melting tone!
  Which grief alone can swell,
And joining numbers, sadly true,
In artless strains described, what few
  Skill'd bards can paint so well.

Urged by the Muse, who never speaks
  To feeling breasts in vain,
The shepherds touch'd the string that wakes
  To *Penitence* and *Pain*;
And as the Ballad lay they sung,
And o'er the lyre impressive hung
  With sighs responsive deep;
Each mournful tale resistless drew
The drops of Pity's heavenly dew
  From eyes unused to weep!—

  Wild rose the *Passions* free
    Bursting in sorrow!
  Sad was each melody
    Wafted round Yarrow!
  Deep, deep! the tragic lay
  Fram'd to feud's deadly fray,
  Pouring Love's welladay!
    O'er murder'd marrow!

Changed are the notes of cheerless woe,
  The strains of sorrow cease;

A softer theme is heard to flow,
  The heav'n-tuned song of PEACE!
When Pity moves the ruthless breast,
Like Love's star glittering in the west
  Peace gilds the lurid gloom,
A rosy dawn succeeds the night,
A cheering sun beams radiant bright,
  All nature breathes perfume!

O Thou! with olive garland crown'd,
  Meek shelt'rer of despair!
Sweet Sympathy! with robe unbound
  And throbbing bosom bare!
How oft, when fury lights the eye,
And dark revenge broods threat'ning nigh,
  Thy angel form appears
Gliding amid the dismal gloom,
To lull the storm, and soft illume
  With sun-beams glanc'd thro' tears!
Then springs the soul to raptures new,
Unfelt by murder's slaught'ring crew,
  Till touch'd with pity's smart,
Mild Mercy then resumes her tone,
And Friendship smiling on his throne,
  Clasps Concord to his heart!

For touch the soul with soft delight
  That flows from guiltless pleasure,
Swift, kindred charms with smiles invite
  To Love and social leisure;
Compared with strife, new pictures rise
To strike, astonish, and entice
  From crimes, that blackening scare!

Till shudd'ring at each horror past,
The ruffian turns to Heaven at last
  With penitence and pray'r.

Nor ceas'd the band, till sprightly sweet
  The *Pastoral* strains arose
In cadence brisk, and numbers meet,
  Care's murmurs to compose;
Each songster warbling, trill'd the wires
That rung to *Pleasure's* chaste desires
  By streamlet, bank, and grove,
And echoing round the cheerless dome
Of gloomy Discord's hostile home
  Breath'd Harmony and Love!

From southern Cheviot's war-stain'd hills
To broom-flower'd Pentland's heights and rills,
  No other tales were told
But milk-maids lilting at their pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
  Or w ing at the fold:
Sweet were the sounds by stream and glade
As pastimes echoed in the shade
  While flocks and herds were roaming!
But sweeter still the trysted hour,
When lovers met in secret bower
  Or ewe-bughts in the gloaming!

But when they sung how love beguiled
  Each dark, ungentle passion;
How Nature woo'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd,
  And jeer'd in am'rous fashion;
A warmer strain was heard to ring
From every sweet accordant string

To harmonize disorder,
Till far and near the swelling sound
Was heard the answering hills around,
'PEACE TO THE TROUBLED BORDER!'

Moved with the shepherds' artless lays,
War smooth'd his rugged feature;
A softening murmur whisper'd praise,
Waked by the strains of nature;
The youthful warrior felt love's flame,
The plund'rer, blushing deep with shame,
Forgot his purpose dire;
And deeper still, the *Minstrel* crew
Blush'd, conscience struck!—in haste withdrew,
And dropt the Border Lyre.

The songsters smiling, raptured saw
The power of nature's sovereign law,
And blest the pastoral strain;
And as they swept with willing hand
The sounding chords, around the land,
The *Virtues* bloom'd again;
And as they bloom'd, they odours shed
Rich o'er the wild, where Mercy led
Her train to social rest,
And Peace, long doom'd by strife to roam,
Call'd love and friendship to her home,
And nursed them at her breast.

Among the band that softened rage,
Was one, whose skill and reverend age
Attracted notice due;
For as he struck his Doric lyre,
His sparkling eye shot youthful fire,
As rapt, his numbers flew;

Prepared to sound a warning call
At once to soften and appal
  The turbulence of feud,
He tun'd his voice to sorrow's wail,
And bending to his mournful tale,
  Thus sung in pensive mood.

DORNOCK HA.'

A BALLAD.

CANTO THIRD.

The night blew cauld thro' snaw and sleet,
  Loud rair'd the blast wi' deaf'ning din;
A voice cam' sad, yet mournfu' sweet;
  'Unbar the door, and let me in!

On feckless eild, wi' waes down borne,
  Bereft o' hame, friends, kith or kin,
Some pity tak'!—till cheerin morn
  Unbar the door!—Oh let me in!'

To feckless eild, or sorrow's mane
  My door was aye unbarr'd and free,
Come in auld man!—tho' left alane,
  The friends o' pity here ye'll see:

Come in auld man! our house, tho' sma',
  Has aye a nook for want and wae;
There's shelter here frae wind and snaw,
  And kindness too, for night and day.

We led him to our cozie nook;
  His cheek was wan—his strength was gane!
My Grizzie cast saft pity's look,
  As frae her heart burst sorrow's mane;

She brought the best things frae her hoard,
  The bicker ream'd wi' nappy brown,
And smiles o' kindness round the board
  Made welcome's feast gang sweeter down.

Cheer'd wi' my Grizzie's kindly treat,
  The carle's heart began to glow;
Our wee things crap around his seat,
  Our ingle bleez'd a canty low;

Afttimes he sigh'd, and sometimes smil'd,
  Then shook his head as white as snaw;
And aft a thought his peace beguil'd,
  Whan down a tear wad trickling fa'!

'Blissfu' the lot!' at length he cries,
  'When kindred virtues mingle round;
Unbind the cords that misery ties,
  And pour their balm in sorrow's wound!—

'Twas sae, alas! when plenty shed
  Her heart'ning joys within my ha';
Ilk strave to mak' the mourner glad,
  And dry the tears that grief let fa'!

The cauldest night snell winter blaws
  Could warm the freezing heart o' care;
Skreen'd safe within my sheltering wa's,
  Smiles bright'ning brak' through mirk desp

The feast, the sang, the tale gae'd round
  To cheat the pang that sorrow gae,
And aye wi' cheering, saftening sound
  I wak'd to mirth the minstrel lay!'

ıt brak the joys that plenty shed?—
hat banish'd safety frae your ha'?
't *poortith*, aye in sorrow clad,
ıat sent ye mourning thro' the snaw?

vas na poortith wrought the change;
was na want owrturn'd my ha';
ıs deadly feud, and black revenge
:nt frail fourscore thro' blast and snaw!

'earfu' night—(oh! night of fate!)
ɔud beat the storm wi' thund'ring thud,
waters raise, and in a spate
pdash'd in foam the neighb'ring flood;

y o' horror through the blast
:ach'd where my family quak'd wi' fear;
ting I raise in wilder'd haste,
nd frae the wa' upsnatch'd my spear;

ı gang na forth!" my Marian cried,
s fast she held me to her breast,
ıe rain has swell'd the raging tide—
h gang na forth!" she sigh'd and prest.

horseman rides the roaring flood,"
ɔud cried our warden frae the tower,
:'s miss'd the ford at Dornock wood,
or horse, nor man, will reach the shore!"

·less I flew whar danger led,
he horse was gane; the rider seen
ggling for life in death's deep bed,
ash'd round in Kirtle's whirling linn!—

Oh! had the life that then remain'd
  Sunk in the flood I desp'rate braved,
What ills and waes that since hae pain'd
  This bleeding heart had then been saved!

Senseless and pale we bare him hame;
  My Helen fair, prepared his bed!
We wak'd ere lang life's smother'd flame;
  My Marian kind, band up his head!

Three weeks we cherish'd in our ha'
  This fause Earl's son o' high degree,
The fourth, the traitor stal awa'
  A treasure rich, and dear to me!

The lily pure that decks the vale
  Fresh gilt wi' morning's beams and dew,
The rose that blushing scents the gale,
  Wi' Helen match'd would tyne their hue!—

Ah me! e'en now, cheer'd in this nook,
  Wi' thae sweet young things round my chair,
Methinks I see her artless look;—
  Sae *ance* she smil'd wha—smiles nae mair!'

'O waefu' mourner!—yet disclose
  What cam o' Helen stown awa'?'
'Our Warder brought the tale o' woes
  Loud echoing thro' my sorrowing ha'—

Bowne!—bowne!—to horse! I raging cried,
  To horse! my gallant friends and true,
Ere night I guess, if swift we ride,
  The traitor thief the deed shall rue!'

Lang, lang I sought my darling child,
(The gem was hid in secret bowers,)
At length 'mang glens, and forests wild,
We spied the raver's castled towers:

"I come to warn ye o' your fate,"
Outspak a herald loud and bauld,
"Nae careless watchmen guard yon gate,
Nae worn-out warriors frail and auld;

Full fifty spearmen, stoops o' weir,
Guard round;—their leader bad me say,
Come to your Helen kind and fair,
The bridal feast shall crown the day."

"Gae, tell your fause and taunting lord
To keep his feasts for them wha crave!—
I cam na here to grace his board,
His life, or her he's stown I'll have!

His fifty warriors let him guide,
Wi' thirty leil I'll meet him here;
Justice and Heaven are on our side,
The *base* alane hae cause to fear!"

The buglers rang thro' glen and wood;
Our spearmen fought wi' might and main;
I sought fause Guy—he fell in blood;—
My faithfu', valiant friends war slain!'

My Grizzie's colour fled, and came,
Her heaving sighs fast rise, and fa';
'Speak! is na Gregory your name,
The Baron ance o' DORNOCK HA'?'

'What boots it what I ance possest!
My name, my lineage wherefore tell!—
They've lang laid buried in this breast,
In flames o' fire my family fell!—

Oh barb'rous deed! to smother life
Guiltless o' harm—to virtue true!—
Inhuman fiends! I brunt nae *wife*,
Nor *blooming babes* that round ye grew;

I cam na at the dead o' night
Wi' fire to flame your ancient ha',
Drive frailty's eild to winter's blight,
And send it mourning thro' the snaw!—

What boots it what I *ance* possest!
My birth I've lang conceal'd in shame,
A wand'rer houseless, and distress'd,
Could ill bruik *Dornock's* baron'd name!'

His streaming griefs my Grizzie sees,
She sprang like light'ning frae her seat,
Cried, while she claspt the mourner's knees,
'Your Helen's daughter's at your feet!'

'My *Helen's daughter!*' skreech'd he wild,
As sair wi' warring thoughts he strave;—
'Rise—rise! nor mock my helpless eild;—
My Helen's lang syne in her grave!'

'Lang, lang I ken!—and weel I might!
Her death has lang been mourn'd by me;
But maist o' what ye've tauld this night
I've heard upon my mither's knee;

Aft, aft in sorrow's waefu' mood
  When winter's nights blew drifts o' snaw,
She'd tell of *Guy's* red field o' blood,
  And a' the waes o' Dornock Ha'!

And aft (when driven frae house and hame
  By Guy's rough sire, wha nought could move)
She'd talk o' Gregory's ancient fame,
  And weep his death in tears o' love!

Till worn wi' grief and mirk despair
  She died! and left her child forlorn,
Till Kenneth's love, and tender care
  Dried up the tears that now return:—

But blest the night that blew the blast
  And sent ye wandering thro' the snaw
To find a kindred hame at last
  To cheat the waes o' DORNOCK HA'!'

'TWAS thus, I ween! in times of old
The *Lyric Muse* impassion'd told
    In simple, varied strain,
Her melting tales to touch the heart
With sympathy, and warm impart
    Affliction's woes and pain:
And as she sung her moving theme
By broomy bank, and limpid stream,
    The Passions, ever true
To Pity's tones, resum'd their sway,
Long check'd by war, and feudal fray,
    And strong, and stronger grew;

And as they swell'd, and throbbing beat,
Fond from their rural hid retreat
The Loves came smiling by,
And joining Friendship, hand in hand
Danc'd raptur'd round, in choral band,
To Peace and Harmony!
Each softening virtue claim'd a place,
Warm Charity with angel face,
Compassion, heavenly meek!
And Modesty, in blushing traits,
Scarce seen in these new-fashion'd days
To deck youth's virgin cheek!

Blest be the song! and blest the lyre!
That warm'd the soul with passion's fire,
Again a poet cries;
Lure Peace and Concord, to assuage
With lenient balm infuriate rage,
And Mercy from the skies!
For till they join, by Virtue twin'd,
Discord and Warfare crush the mind,
While Ruin sweeps along;
Nor Love, nor Harmony divine
Bend, wooing from their radiant shrine
To prompt the poet's song.

THE HARP,

A LEGENDARY TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

Smeirg a loisgeadh a thiompan ria.

TO THE READER.

The writer of the present Poem thinks it necessary to acquaint the public, that it is founded on a short traditionary story, which reached him by the following accidental circumstance. A gentleman in Perthshire, well known for his researches into antiquity and national character,* chancing, while on a tour to the Hebrides, to hear some person say, 'I'll never burn my harp for a woman,'† took occasion to ask the meaning of the proverb—He received for answer, a simple unadorned tale, somewhat similar to the ground-work of the present poem; the singularity of which struck him so forcibly, that he committed it to writing. On a visit some years ago, to a friend‡ who had accidently seen the manuscript, he related this little artless story to the author, and, with his usual glow of colouring, diffused such an air of novelty and passion over it, as to suggest an idea that something interesting might be made of it in verse. The first part was written shortly after, but the author's sudden departure for Europe put a stop, for some time, to any further attempt; although he must confess, in-

* Mr. Ramsay, of Auchertyre.
† 'Smeirg a loisgeadh a thiompan ria.'
‡ The late Mr. Graham, of Gartmore.

clination repeatedly disposed him to finish what he had begun. A tedious passage home furnished him with ample opportunities to gratify this propensity—his residence in Britain since his arrival, has enabled him to receive the opinion of his friends, and to avail himself of their strictures.

Having given this short account of his Harp, the author now presents it to the world, with that mixture of hope and diffidence which the partiality of friends, and the uncertainty of public approbation naturally excite. Of its merits, he shall say nothing. In an age, and in a country, however, so highly cultivated as the present, one observation may not be improper. Should the poem in some instances appear too irregular and abrupt in its construction, the author begs that it may not be imputed to inadvertency, but design. His aim was to render his tale rather interesting than regular, and animated rather than correct. Nature and passion, indeed, were his chief objects; and as these can never derive such energy from descriptive as from dramatic composition, it is almost unnecessary for him to observe, that the Ancient Ballad has been his model.

Edinburgh,
April 15, 1789.

THE HARP.

PART I.

STILL'D is the tempest's blust'ring roar;
  Hoarse dash the billows of the sea;—
But who on Kilda's dismal shore
  Cries—'Have I burnt my harp for thee!'

'Tis Col, wild raving to the gale,
  That howls o'er heath, and blasted lea;
Still as he eyes the lessening sail,
  Cries—'Have I burnt my harp for thee!'

—Bright was thy fame in Bara's isle,
  Sweet bard! where many a rival sung;
Oft hadst thou wak'd the tear and smile
  As soft thy harp melodious rung:

Oft hadst thou touch'd the female heart,
  (To love I ween! and pity true)
Till Mora came to hear thy art;—
  Mora, with eye of softening blue.

The maid he priz'd above the throng
  That press'd to hear his raptur'd strain;
The maid, who melted at the song,
  But trifled with a lover's pain:

Long had he borne the treach'rous smile
  That cherish'd hope, and left despair;
The promis'd bliss which female guile
  As oft dispers'd in empty air;

Till shunn'd by ev'ry constant maid;
  Condemn'd by friends; by kindred prest;
Deceitful thus, in smiles array'd,
  Mora the sorrowing youth addrest:

'Too long, O Col! in plaintive moan
  Thou'st strung thy Harp to strains divine;
Add but two strings of varied tone,
  This heart, this yielding heart is thine.'

Two strings the youth with anxious care,
  Half doubtful, to his Harp applies;
And oft, in vain, he turns each air,
  And oft each varying note he tries;

At length (unrivall'd in his art!)
  With new-born sounds the valley rings;—
Col claims his Mora's promised heart
  As deep he strikes the varied strings!

Three moons, three honied moons, are past
  Since Col, enraptur'd, laugh'd at care;
And oft the tuneful Harp he blest
  That won a nymph so good and fair:

Till mindful of those tender ties
  That fashion's sons would blush to name;
With soften'd voice, and melting sighs,
  He thus accosts his peerless dame.

'Three months, dear partner of my bliss!
  Three fleeting months have shed their charms
Since first I snatch'd the bridal kiss,
  And clasp'd perfection to my arms:

Yet happiness, however true,
  Must fade if selfish or confin'd;—
Your friends now claim affections due;
  The kindred transports of the mind!

Each parent mourns our cold delay;
  They think of Mora with a tear:
The gale invites—at early day
  To Cana's sea-beat shore we steer.'

The morn blush'd fair; mild blew the gale,
  The lark to heaven light warbling springs;
Col smiles with love, spreads quick the sail,
  And sweeps with ravished heart the strings!

But ah! how short the transient gleams
  That light with joy the human breast!—
The tempest raves and wildly screams
  Each frighted sea-fowl to her nest.

High rage the billows of the deep
  That lately roll'd serenely mild,
And dash'd near Kilda's awful steep;
  Col clasps his love with horror wild.

For cold's the form o'er which he hung
  With raptur'd eye the morn before;
And mute and tuneless is the tongue
  That charm'd so late on Bara's shore;

And pale and lifeless is the cheek
  That glow'd so late with rosy hue;
The eye that melting joys could speak
  Is clos'd! the eye of soft'ning blue.

Hard with the furious surge he strove,
  His Love and fav'rite harp to save;
Till deep in Crona's sea-worn cove
  He bears them safe from storm and wave.

But cove, nor love's assiduous care
  Could ebbing life's warm tide restore!
Pale, wet, and speechless lay the fair
  On Kilda's bleak and stormy shore.

Oft, oft her breathless lips of clay
  With frantic cries he fondly prest;
And while a senseless corse she lay,
  He strained her madly to his breast.

But who can paint the pencil true
  The scene, when sighs first struggling stole
(Which thus by magic love he drew)
  Deep lab'ring from her fluttering soul!

'She breathes!—she lives!' the minstrel cried,
  'Life has not fled this beauteous form!—
Protecting heaven!—some aid provide!—
  Shield—shield my trembler from the storm!

'No roof its friendly smoke displays!
  No storm-scap'd faggot, turf, nor tree—
No shrub to yield one kindly blaze,
  And warm my love to life and me.

Dark grows the night!—and cold and sharp
  Beat wind, and hail, and drenching rain!
Nought else remains—I'll burn my Harp!'
  He cries, and breaks his harp in twain.

'For thee, O Mora! oft it rung,
  To guard thee from each rival's art;
And now, though broken and unstrung,
  It guards from death thy constant heart.'

Bright flam'd the fragments as he spoke;
  One parting sigh his Harp he gave:
The storm-drench'd faggots blaze thro' smoke,
  And snatch his Mora from the grave.

PART II.

Now heedless rav'd the stormy night,
  For instant terror frown'd no more,
And cheerful blaz'd the spreading light
  Round Kilda's dark and dismal shore;

And cheerful smil'd the grateful pair,
  And talked of death and dangers past,
When loud the voice of wild despair
  Came rushing on the midnight blast.

Chill horror seiz'd each lover's heart—
  'Ah me! what dismal sounds draw near!
Defend us heaven!' with sudden start
  Cry'd Mora, thrill'd with frantic fear.

One hand supports his trembling wife,
  The other grasps his trusty glave;
'My Harp,' he cries, 'has given thee life,
  And *this*, that precious life shall save!'

'No danger comes,' deep sigh'd a form,
  As near the cave it shiv'ring stood;
'A stranger shipwreck'd by the storm
  Implores the gen'rous and the good;

No danger comes—ah me! forlorn!
  A wretch by woes on tempests tost!—

From love, from friends and kindred torn,
  And dash'd on Kilda's frightful coast!

Restless with grief, at op'ning day
  For Lewis' isle I spread the sail;
Sweet rose the lark with cheerful lay,
  And sweetly blew the flatt'ring gale!

Ah fate relentless! thus to cheat
  With baneful lure and treach'rous smile!
Were human suff'rings not complete
  Till wreck'd on Kilda's desert isle!

Lur'd by the light that gleams afar,
  With fainting steps these cliffs I prest:—
O may it prove a polar star,
  And guide to pity's shelt'ring breast!

Quick from his grasp the falchion flies
  As Col each opening arm extends;
'Approach, ill fated youth!' he cries,
  'Here—here are none but suff'ring friends!

Like thee, we hail'd the matin song,
  The flatt'ring gale, and faithless tide!—
How sweet! by zephyrs borne along,
  My harp and Mora by my side!

Why starts the youth? approach; draw near,
  Behold the wreck of storm and wave—
'Tis all that's left!—my Harp so dear
  I burn'd, that fair one's life to save!'

First pale, then crimson grew his cheek,
And sorely shook his manly frame!
His faltering tongue refus'd to speak,
Save to repeat his Mora's name—

A name which oft had charm'd his ear,
And e'en from childhood grew more sweet;
A name which love had render'd dear,
And sorrow taught him to repeat!

Long had he nurs'd the kindling flame,
Long, long possess'd her virgin heart;
But party feuds and discord came,
And forc'd the tend'rest pair to part.

Torn hapless thus from all he lov'd,
The wretched wand'rer left his home,
From isle to isle incessant rov'd;—
His only wish to idly roam!

Oft had he brav'd the tempest's war,
Unaided in his slender bark;
Oft lonely steer'd by some faint star
That glimmer'd thro' the' involving dark;

Oft, oft uncertain whether driven,
Or near some rock, or breaker borne;
He'd quit his helm to guiding heaven,
And sigh his cheerless lot till morn!

Oft had the wild heath been his bed,
On some lone hill, or craggy steep;
While light'nings flash'd around his head,
And eagles scream'd his woes asleep.

Thus pass'd his wandering life away,
  'A wretch by woes and tempests tost,'
Till fortune, in her changeful play,
  Wreck'd him on Kilda's fatal coast.

Ah! little thought he while he strove
  'Gainst whelming wave and rocky shore,
Yon light would guide him to his love,
  For whom these ceaseless ills he bore!

'Why starts the youth?—approach—draw near;
  Behold the wreck of storm and wave!—
'Tis all that's left?—my harp so dear
  I burn'd, that fair one's life to save!'

A glance from Mora's speaking eye
  Half calm'd the fond youth's lab'ring breast,
The tale goes round—the bleak winds sigh,
  And Col mistrustless sinks to rest.

Ah! how could cold distrust possess
  A breast so gen'rous, kind and true!
A heart still melting to distress,
  To love—false fair one! and to you

The morn arose with aspect drear,
  The waves still dash with sullen roar—
Col starts from rest—no Mora's near,
  The treacherous pair are far from shore!

From Kilda's cliff that towers on high,
  He spies the white sail far at sea;
And while the big tear fills each eye,
  Cries—'Have I burn'd my harp for thee.'

'O most ungrateful of thy kind!
  And most unjust to love and me!—
O woman! woman! light as wind,
  I'll ne'er burn Harp again for thee!'

DONALD AND FLORA.

A BALLAD,

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA—1778.

When many hearts were gay,
Careless of aught but play,
Poor Flora slipt away
Sadd'ning to Mora.*
Loose flow'd her *yellow* hair,
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
As thus to the troubled air
She vented her sorrow:

Loud howls the stormy west,
Cold, cold is winter's blast—
Haste then, O Donald, haste!
Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er
Since on a foreign shore
You promised to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

'Where now is Donald dear?'
Maids cry with taunting sneer;
'Say is he still sincere

* A retreat so named by the Lovers.

To his lov'd Flora ?"
Parents upbraid my moan;
Each heart is turn'd to stone;—
Ah Flora! thou'rt now alone,
Friendless in Mora!

Come then, O come away!
Donald, no longer stay!—
Where can my rover stray
From his lov'd Flora?
Ah, sure he ne'er could be
False to his vows and me!—
O heav'ns! is not yonder he
Bounding o'er Mora!

'Never, O wretched fair,'
Sigh'd the sad messenger,
'Never shall Donald mair
Meet his lov'd Flora!
Cold as yon mountain snow
Donald thy love lies low!
He sent me to sooth thy woe,
Weeping in Mora.

Well fought our valiant slain
On Saratoga's plain;
Thrice fled the hostile train
From British glory.
But ah! though our foes did flee,
Sad was each victory,
Youth, love, and loyalty,
Fell far from Mora.

"Here, take this love-wrought plaid,"
Donald expiring said,
"Give it to yon dear maid
Drooping in Mora.
Tell her, O Allan, tell!
Donald thus bravely fell,
And that in his last farewell
He thought on his Flora."

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then striking her bosom bare,
Sigh'd out 'poor Flora.
Ah Donald!—ah well-a-day!'
Was all the fond heart could say.
At length the sound died away
Feebly on Mora.

THE WHIP,

OR,

A TOUCH AT THE TIMES.

SENT TO MISS D. OF LINSTED, WITH A WHIP
OF A RHINOCEROS'S SKIN—1784.

Quæ fuerant vitia mores sunt. SENECA.

Ere modest virtue lost her way
Among the profligate and gay,
  Few modes were used for travel;
Unknown to whip, or spur, or boot,
Each hardy Briton trudg'd on foot,
  Through mud, bog, dust and gravel.

'Twas then the fair, as story tells,
(Ah! how unlike our modern belles!)
  Knew neither coach nor saddle;
No female Phaetonians then
Surpass'd the boldest of our men
  In gesture, look, and straddle.

But form'd by nature's artless hand,
Blushes, 'tis said, at her command
  Oft stole o'er beauty's features:
No wife then scorn'd domestic sweets:
No daughter Jehu! scour'd the streets;
  Good lad! what simple creatures!

Emerg'd at length from gothic rules,
Our fair ones, train'd in happier schools,
  For blushes, now give fashion!
Each modest virtue thrown aside,
Behold! like men, erect, astride!
  They drive! they whip! they dash on.

O may the glorious day arrive,
When each bold lass her nag shall drive
  O'er hedges, gates, and ditches!
Despise the housewife's hateful lot,
And change the useless petticoat
  For boots and buckskin breeches!

Yet heterogeneous as they are,
Half man—half woman—half centaur:
  Some grave folks dread infection:
See! virtue trembling flies the land!
Alas! 'gainst furious four in hand
  No *common* whip's protection!

Struck with the thought, I reason'd long,—
Eliza, poor thing's far from strong,
  And yet she loves a canter;
  Some fierce virago, high in blood,
May lay her sprawling in the mud,
  Or in a hedge-row plant her!

What then remains the weak to shield?
Must freedom thus her charter yield?—
  Has beauty no defender?
—Alas! no bosom swells with rage!—
There's nought in this bold dashing age,
  But flogging to befriend her!

Since lashing's then, the ton, the tip,
And vict'ry now turns on the Whip,
  The toughest whip should win;
And as we know in each hard bout,
The 'toughest hide holds longest out,'
  I'll find—a whip of skin.

Pleas'd with the fancy, swift I sped,
Mad with the project in my head,
  I rang'd half India o'er;
But hides well beat, are seldom tough:
At last a bit of precious stuff
  I found on Afric's shore.

There, by his streams and tangling groves,
The huge Rhinoceros careless roves,
  Though growls each savage nigh:
Undaunted, arm'd with horn and hide,
To ball and dart he turns his side,
  Unheeded as they fly.

But what's the arm'd, the bold, the strong!
(Again we moralize our song,)
  If treachery aims the blow?
Ev'n Samson fell by female wit,
And see! in subtle treachery's pit
  The mighty beast lies low.

Thus fall'n by cunning's sneaking plot,
With joy they strip his horny coat;
('Twas wondrous to behold!)
'By heavens!' I cried, 'at length I've found
A skin that's proof 'gainst mortal wound!
'Tis worth its weight in gold!'

Torn from the side it lately grac'd,
A slice I cut with eager haste;
A tough, tenacious slip!
And hurrying home to British land,
Gave it to Kelly in the Strand,*
Who form'd it to a whip.

Thus arm'd, with virtue on your side,
Unconquer'd reign, undaunted ride,
Nor fear e'en Lade† or Archer.†
Some dame indeed may whoop and crack,
But let Rhinoceros touch her back,
It will both blue and starch her.

O could its virtues but repair
The lungs of thy half-winded mare,
How great would be thy glory!
From Linsted town thy fame would trot
E'en to the house of Johnny Grot,
In many a marv'lous story.

Then should we hear in clam'rous boast,
How one young fair one rul'd the roast,
As Pitt now rules the nation;

* Whipmaker to the Prince of Wales.
† Sir John Lade and Lady Archer, two of the most celebrated phaeton drivers in England.

Made female jockies bounce and skip,
And by the pow'r of one fam'd Whip,
Flogg'd vice from freedom's station!

But since, alas! no cure we know,
Since Phill* must puff, or you move slow,
Mark well a friend's direction.
Hold fast the reins of female pride,
Whip ev'ry coxcomb from your side,
To listen is—infection.

Yet should the man, of worth possest,
Fair candour glowing at his breast,
Confess thy power of charms;
List to his tale, be frank, be kind,
Unfashion'd blush to love refin'd,
And whip into his arms!

* Eliza's mare.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

How varied lies the [illegible] —
  Dismaying [illegible] with snow
While [illegible] smiles a [illegible]
  The sun-clad [illegible]
Gay spring [illegible]
Regardless of the [illegible]
  That sweep [illegible]
And shelter'd from the [illegible]
Secure [illegible] prices the [illegible]
  Down [illegible]

Alas! how [illegible] the [illegible]
  Of man's [illegible]
The storms [illegible]
  The peasant's [illegible]
Disdainful pride, [illegible]
Rough labour, [illegible]
  Still cheer'd by [illegible]

While safe from luxury's whelming tide
Peace, hope, and resignation glide
  Down life's untroubled stream.

To meditation's musing mind
  Still moral pictures rise:
Ambition, dash'd by fortune's wind,
  When tow'ring to the skies:
Exalted beauty, doom'd to move
In climes unwarm'd by genial love,
  Tost by the storms of sordid strife!—
While nurtur'd in some vale obscure,
The humbler fair one blooms secure
  The mistress and the wife!

But late in strength and beauty's prime,
  The tow'ring Plane arose;
Proud, o'er Strevlina's height sublime
  It wav'd its mantling boughs!
What time mild evening gilds her star,
The trav'ller spy'd it from afar
  And, raptur'd wonder'd where it grew;—
Fond fancy plac'd its magic height
Mid regions streak'd with golden light
  Through Heav'n's ethereal blue!—

Embosom'd in the bank below,
  That courts the southern breeze,
The humbler Hawthorn's doom'd to blow,
  Mid kindred shrubs and trees!
Obscure, its balmy sweets diffuse,
Unmark'd, save by the moral muse,
  That nightly breathes the rich perfume!—

Ah! what is Grandeur's splendid show!—
Ambition, mark!—the Plane laid low!*
The Hawthorn left to bloom.

* The cutting down of this beautiful tree (a circumstance that gave general dissatisfaction) occasioned the present ode.

JACK AND NANCY.

A SEA SONG.

Air—Bonny lass will you lie in a barrack.

O! SAY, lovely Nan! can you lie in a hammock?
When the mountain-waves rage, can you swing in a hammock?
As the winds roar aloft, and rude billows dash o'er us,
Can my Nancy sleep soundly amid the wild chorus.

O yes! my dear Jack! I can lie in a hammock,
When the mountain-waves rage, can sleep sound in a hammock: [cheer me,
Rude billows will rock me, when love smiles to
If thy slumber's sweet, Jack, no dangers can fear me!

But say, if, at night, the sad cry comes for wearing;
The breakers a-head, and the boatswain loud swearing; [break o'er us;
When the main yard dips deep, and white billows
Will my Nancy not shrink then amid the dread chorus?

O no! my lov'd lad! when such dangers are near me, [cheer me,
My Jack's kindly whispers will sooth me—will
A kiss snatch'd in secret, amid the dread horror,
Will hush the rude chorus, and still every terror.

But say my sweet Nan! when the tempest's all
smashing!
The top-sails all split, and the top-masts down
crashing!
When all hands spring aloft, and no lover to cheer
her,
Will my Nancy not shrink when such dangers are
near her?

Ah no! my lov'd Jack! while the tempest's loud
bawling,
The top-sails all split, and the top-masts down
falling,
I, watching your dangers, my own will pass over!
In prayers for your safety no fears I'll discover!

But O! my lov'd Nan! when the ship is done
clearing,
The matches all lighted, the French foe fast near-
ing,
Can you stand to your gun, while pale death drops
around you?
—'Tis then! my sweet Nancy! new fears will con-
found you!

No! No! my dear Jack! to these fears love's a
stranger!
When you fight by my side I'll defy every dan-
ger;
On your fate my fond eye will be fix'd while you're
near me;
If you fall! Nancy dies! if you live, love will cheer
me!

Come, come then, sweet lass! let us swing in a hammock!
While the mountain-seas dash round, sleep sound in a hammock!
With love such as thine, who would dread war and weather?—
While we live, we shall love; when we fall—fall together!

*** This verse (in singing) to be repeated by both at the same time, with the slight alteration of substituting lad for lass by the female singer.

THE

LINKS O' FORTH:

OR,

A PARTING PEEP AT THE CARSE O' STERLING.

He woo'd the muse, and sung the pensive strain;
He lov'd meek solitude, and soften'd gloom.——
Sterling's Cambuscan, v. 304.

TO THE READER.

The succeeding Poem was printed during the Author's absence abroad. The following Preface, explanatory of his motives for writing it, having been accidentally omitted, he now thinks it proper to subjoin it, for the information of the Reader.

'The following production the Author, previously to his departure from Britain, leaves in the possession of a friend, careless of its future fate, although not insensible of its imperfections. Lest, however, it may hereafter chance to meet the public eye, it may not be improper to observe, that having, at an early period in life, written and injudiciously published a poetical performance on the same subject, which a more mature judgment taught him to condemn, he was desirous of substituting something in its stead, less exceptionable to good taste, and more characteristic of the scenes he has attempted to delineate. Should this be considered as an awkward apology for defects, let it be remembered, that the "Parting Peep at the Carse of Stirling" was executed under various disadvantages;—that, while it was composed amidst the gloom of sickness and solitude, to mitigate distress, it received no fostering sunshine to cherish or to cheer;—that it never met the eye of criticism, nor the kindly strictures of a friend;—and that

while it may, without a violation of metaphor, be called the offspring of pain and of pensiveness, it was, amidst other trials, produced under the additional depression of leaving a country, to which the author has every reason to predict he will never return!

With regard to the language in which the present Poem is written (and for which perhaps an apology is likewise necessary) the author can only say, that he made choice of the Scottish dialect, not only on account of its superior poetical pathos and simplicity to any other with which he is acquainted, but in his opinion, as the most appropriate to the scenes decribed, and particularly to the historical events he has ventured to introduce. Farther he has nothing to say. Praise, should it ever come, will in all likelihood never reach his ear; and censure, after what has already been advanced in extenuation, must recoil on the unfeeling and fastidious.'

Edinburgh, October, 1796.

The following elegant lines were sent to the Author by the ingenious writer of the Hindoo Rajah and Modern Philosophers, on reading the Links o' Forth in manuscript.

Yes! Iv'e perus'd—with new, increas'd delight
Have reperus'd, each simply flowing line;
Trac'd the known landscape bursting on the sight
With all its varied hues and haunts divine!

Still (by the muse's faithful hand portray'd)
Each long lost beauty meets my raptur'd eye;
Youth's former visions rise in ev'ry gale,
While tears delicious mix with memory's sigh.

Say then, my friend, can feelings warm as these
Perform the critic's cold fastidious part;
Mark what perchance the pedant might displease,
When nature's nameless charms attack the heart?

For me, I boast nor critic lore nor skill,
Nor classic laws for measur'd numbers know;
Enough to feel the bosom's raptur'd thrill,
The tear that starts—the heart's spontaneous glow!

These! these the muse's magic power attest!
These! these the poet's excellence proclaim;
And these, while truth and nature warm the breast,
Shall deck Forth's artless bard with wreaths of fame.

ELIZA HAMILTON.

THE

LINKS O' FORTH.

AH! winding *Forth!*—smooth wandering tide!
O' Strevlin's peerless plain the pride;
How pleas'd alang thy verdant side,
Whar floweries spring,
The muse her untaught numbers tried,
And learnt to sing!

Whan ardent youth, wi' boiling blood,
Ilk trace o' glowing passion loo'd,
How aft aside thy silver flood,
Unseen, alane,
The bardin, rapt in pensive mood,
Has pour'd the strain!

To beauteous Laura, aft an lang,
His artless lyre he trembling strang;—
Close to his beating heart it hang,
While glen, and grove,
And craig, and echoing valley, rang
Wi' fervent love—

Poor, fond enthusiast! whither stray?
By wimpling burn or broomy brae?

Wasting, I ween, the live-lang day
In am'rous rhime?—
The hour will come, thou'lt sigh, and say,
What loss o' time!

Yet, wharfore shou'd nae youth engage
In pleasures suited to its age?
To catch the tids o' life is sage,
Some joys to save:
Wha kens the fights he's doom'd to wage
This side the grave!

To sport on fancy's flowery brink,
And beek a wee in love's warm blink,
Is wiser far, I'm sure, than think
O' distant harm,
Whan eild and cauld indiff'rence shrink,
Frae pleasure's charm.

Then strike, sweet muse, the trembling lyre,
Ance mair do thou the sang inspire;—
Ah! check nae yet the glowing fire,
Though health divine,
And youth, and pleasure's fond desire
Fast, fast decline!

Attune the lay! whan nature's charm
First seiz'd his bosom fluttering warm,
Ere care yet came, wi' dread alarm,
Or friendship's guile;
Or fortune, wi' uplifted arm,
And treach'rous smile.

Attune the lay that should adorn
Ilk verse descriptive o' the morn,
Whan round Forth's Links o' waving corn,
At peep o' dawn,
Frae broomy know the whitening thorn
He raptur'd ran:

Or fragrant whar, at opening day,
The whins bloom sweet on Aichil brae;
There, whan inspir'd by lofty lay,
He'd tak his flight,
And towering climb, wi' spirits gay,
Demyit's* height.

O! grandeur far than Windsor's brow!
And sweeter too the vale below!
Whar Forth's unrivall'd windings flow
Through varied grain,
Brightening, I ween, wi' glittering glow
Strevlina's plain!

There raptur'd trace (enthron'd on hie)
The landscape stretching on the ee,
Frae Grampian heights down to the sea,
(A dazzling view!)
Corn, meadow, mansion, water, tree,
In varying hue.

Owre lofty here, ilk charm to trace,
That deck, sweet plain! thy cultur'd face;

* One of the highest of the Ochil hills that bound the Carse of Stirling to the east.

Aft down the steep he'd tak a race,
Nor, rinning, flag,
Till up he'd climb, wi' rapid pace,
Yon 'abbey craig.'

There seated, mark, wi' ardour keen,
The skelloch* bright 'mang corn sae green,
The purpled pea, and speckled bean,
A fragrant store!
And vessels sailing, morn and e'en,
To 'Stirling shore.'

But aftner far, he'd late and air,
To yonder castled height† repair,
Whar youth's gay sports, relax'd frae care,
Cheat learning's toils,
And round her Doig's‡ classic chair
Fond genius smiles!

'Twas here, O Forth! for luve o' thee,
Frae wine, and mirth, and cards he'd flee;
Here too, unskill'd, sweet Poesy!
He woo'd thy art—
Alas! nor skill nor guide had he,
Save warmth o' heart!

Yet feckless as his numbers fell,
Nae tongue his peacefu' joys can tell,

* The wild mustard.

† The castle hill of Stirling, from which the finest view of the Carse is seen.

‡ Dr. David Doig, master of the Grammar School, where he taught near forty years. A man whose uncommon erudition and genius entitled to a higher station.

Whan crooning quiet by himsel,
He fram'd the lay
On Gowland's whin-beflowered hill
And rocky brae.

How richly then the landscape glow'd
As fast the welcome numbers flow'd!
How smooth the plying bargie* row'd
Frae shore to shore!
How saft the kye in King's park low'd,
At milking hour!

And ah! how sweet the murmur rang
Frae busy labour's rural thrang!
That sta' the upland heights amang,
And echoing spread
Owre Castle, Butts, and Knot, alang
The Backwalk shade;

Dear, peacefu' scenes! how sweet to sing!
Whan youth and luve are on the wing;
Whan morn's fresh gales their fragrance bring,
Wi' balmy sough,
And e'ening paints (how green in spring!)
The 'braes o' Tough!'

But sweet, thro' a' the varying year
Will Airthrie's banks and woods appear;
And crouse Craigforth, and princely Keir,
That crowns the scene;
And Allan water, glittering near
Its bleaching green.

* The abbey ferry boat.

And Blair, half hid in sylvan shade,
Where Taste and Home* delighted stray'd;
What time? whan Lare and Genius fled
Frae bar and town,
To Teath's clear stream, that babbling play'd
By Castle Down—

And Shaw-park, gilt wi' e'ening's ray;
And Embro's castle, distant grey;†
Wi' Alva, screen'd near Aichil brae,
'Mang grove and bower!
And rich Clackmannan, rising gay,
Wi' woods and tower;

These aft he trac'd, fond nature's child!
But maist at e'ening blushing mild,
As owre the western cliffs sae wild
O' Lomond's‡ height
The sun in setting glory smil'd
Wi' purple light!

'Twas then, by gloaming's sober hour,
He'd court some solitude obscure;
Or round Cam'skenneth's§ ancient tower,

* Henry Home, Lord Kames, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, and author of many ingenious and learned performances.

† Edinburgh castle, though distant 35 miles from Stirling, is seen from the castle hill in a favourable day.

‡ Ben Lomond, the highest of the Grampian mountains that bound the Carse of Stirling to the north-west.

§ The abbey of Cambuskenneth, founded by David I. king of Scotland, anno 1147.

Whar winds Forth's stream,
He'd wander, meditate, and pour
This moral theme :—

'How still and solemn steals the gloom
Mild owre the garden's fading bloom!
Dim flits the bat athwart the tomb,
On leathern wing;
Hark! what bemoan'd the slaughter'd doom
O' Scotia's king?

'Twas but the dove that woos his mate,
Unmindfu' o' the monarch's fate:
Whar, Grandeur, now thy regal state?
Unmarkt!—and gane!
Nor sculptur'd verse records thy date,
Nor moss-grown stane!

Yet regal pomp and courtly show,
Aft grac'd yon castle's princely brow,
Whan Scotland's kings, wi' patriot glow,
Delighted woo'd
Strevlina's fertile fields below,
And winding flood!

Sublime retreat! belov'd! admir'd!
Whase rural charms sae oft conspir'd
To calm the raging breast, whan fir'd
'Gainst lawless power,
And yield, mid social sweets retir'd,
Life's happier hour!

To sheathe in peace war's slaughtering sword;
To drap the king at friendship's board;

To draw frae luve's delicious hoard
Her honey'd sweet!
And chain fierce valour's lofty lord
At beauty's feet.

Or join the chace, at purple morn,
Owre lawns, and heath-bloom'd mountains borne;
Wi' hound, and hawk, and bugle horn,
And shouting thrang;
While Sauchie's glens, beflower'd wi' thorn,
The notes prolang;

Or break the lance, and couch the spear
At tilts and tournaments o' weir,
Whar mony a valiant knight and peer
Display'd their skill,
To courtly beauty, blushing near,
On Lady's hill.

Thus, tun'd to pastime's peaceful' string,
Strevlina's craigs and valley ring;
Blithe was the courtier and the king
By Fortha's flood,
Till Faction soar'd on raven wing,
Bedrapt wi' blood!

Twas then ilk sport and rural charm
Fled court, and plain, and cheerless farm!—
Rebellion loud, wi' dread alarm,
Skreigh'd wild her cry,
And murder dark, wi' dagger'd arm
Stood watching by!

O Treason!—ranc'rous, ruthless fae!
Sad source o' Scotland's wars and wae!
Not guiltless power, here chang'd to clay,*
Could calm thy strife,
Nor ward thy boiling bloody fray
And butchering knife!

Alas! nor he,† whase youthfu' bloom
Lang felt oppression's tyrant doom;
Though science, mid the captive gloom,
And genius bright,
And fancy, at her fairy loom
Shot radiant light!—

—Insatiate fiend! could nought allay
The rebel rage 'gainst regal sway!—
Not Flodden-Field, whase fatal day
Brought dool and care,
Whan Scotland's Flowers were wed awa,‡
To bloom nae mair.

Nor Solway's heart-break, and disgrace,§
Nor Mary's‖ tears, nor beauteous face,

* James III. murdered in the village of Bannockburn, after the battle fought with his rebellious nobles, under the command of the Duke of Rothsay, his own son. He was buried near the remains of his queen, in the abbey church of Cambuskenneth, 1488.

† James I. of Scotland.

‡ Alluding to the beautiful and pathetic ballad of the 'Flowers of the Forest.'

§ James V. was so affected with the unfortunate and disgraceful affair at Solway Firth, near the river Esk, that he died a few days afterwards, literally of a broken heart.

‖ Mary Queen of Scotland.

Could stop, fell fae! thy furious pace
Bestain'd wi' crime,
Till Stuart's royal, luckless race!
Fled Scotia's clime.

—Dark gloom'd the morn, owre land and sea,
Whan Scotia, sad, wi' tearfu' ee,
Saw, frae her pine-wav'd cliffs on hie,
And aiken bowers,
Her king, and independence flee
Strevlina's towers!

Not sae the morn, that beaming shed
A blaze round Wallace' helmed head,
As bald in freedom's cause he led
His patriot train,
And dy'd these blood-drench'd furrows red
Wi' hostile slain!

'Nor yet, O Bruce!* the morn that shone
Bright, bright! whan (Edward's host ow'r-thrown)
High, on yon proud hill' Standard Stone,†
Thy banners flew!
While freedom, loud, in raptur'd tone
Her clarion blew!

—Enchanting morn! whase magic reign
Brak forging thraldom's galling chain;

* King Robert the Bruce.

† The stone where Bruce's standard was fixed during the memorable battle of Bannockburn. It may still be seen on an eminence near the village of St. Ninians, with a hole in the centre where the end of the standard was fixed, and thence named '*the bore stone*.'

Led Ceres, wi' her laughing train
And gowden store
Round Bannockburn's ensanguin'd plain,
And Carron's shore.

Round 'Carun's stream,' o' classic name,
Whar Fingal fought, and ay ow'rcame;*
Whar Ossian walk'd, wi' kindling flame,
His heav'n-taught lays,
And sang his Oscar's deathless fame
At Dunipace!*

—Names, gratefu' to the patriot's ear!
Which Scotia's sons delight to hear!—
Names, that the brave will lang revere
Wi' valour's sigh!
—Dear to the Muse!—but doubly dear
To Liberty!'

Thus, (blind to prudence' warning light)
Aft sigh'd and sang the pensive wight!—
Reckless, alas! o' fortune's blight,
O warldly blame
He'd muse, and dream, till dark midnight,
Then daunder hame!

Ye flowering plains and winding stream!
Ye stately towers! whar morn's first beam
Mild glittering glints wi' gowden gleam!
Yours was the crime:
Ye first entic'd his youth to dream
In thriftless rhyme!

Ye first unlock'd the secret door
That led to nature's varied store:

* Vide the war of Caros, and the beautiful poem Comala.

And taught him early to adore
Her tempting smile,
Whether on India's pictur'd shore
Or Britain's isle—

Ye classic fields, whar valour bled!
Whar patriots strave, but never fled!
Ye plains, wi' smiling plenty clad,
A lang adieu!
A dark'ning cloud wi' ills ow'rspread
Obscures the view!

A warning voice, sad owre the main
Cries, Haste ye!—haste!—break aff the strain:
Strevlina's towers and peerless plain
Ye'll ne'er review!—
Dear haunts o' youth, and luve's saft pain,
A last adieu!

SCOTLAND'S SCAITH,

OR,

THE HISTORY O' WILL AND JEAN,

OWRE TRUE A TALE.

So shall thy poverty come, as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man. PROV.

WILL AND JEAN.

PART I.

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace,
  Wha in neeboring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
  Deadly strength was in his arm!

Wha wi' Will could rin, or wrastle?
  Throw the sledge, or toss the bar?
Hap what would, he stood a castle,
  Or for safety, or for war:

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',
  Wi' the bauld he bauld could be;
But to friends wha had their handfu'
  Purse and service aye ware free.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,
  Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?—
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
  But ware ony half sae fair?

Saft her smile raise like May morning,
  Glinting owre Demait's* brow:

* One of the Ochil Hills near Sterling—Dun-ma-chit (Gaelic,) the hill of the good prospect. It is pronounced De-myit.

Sweet! wi' opening charms adorning
  Strevlin's* lovely plain below!

Kind and gentle was her nature;
  At ilk place she bare the bell;—
Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature!—
  But her look nae tongue can tell!

Sic was Jean, whan Will first mawing,
  Spied her on a thraward beast;
Flew like fire, and just when fa'ing
  Kept her on his manly breast.

Light he bare her, pale as ashes,
  Cross the meadow, fragrant, green!
Plac'd her on the new-mawn rashes,
  Watching sad her opening een.

Sic was Will, whan poor Jean fainting
  Drapt into a lover's arms;
Waken'd to his saft lamenting;
  Sigh'd, and blush'd a thousand charms:

Soon they loo'd, and soon ware buckled;
  Nane took time to think and rue—
Youth and worth and beauty cuppled;
  Luve had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' canty,
  Jean and Will thought them but ane;
Ilka day brought joy and plenty,
  Ilka year a dainty wean;

Will wrought sair, but aye with pleasure;
  Jean the hale day span and sang;

* The ancient name of Stirling.

Will and weans her constant treasure,
  Blest wi' them nae day seem'd lang;

Trig her house, and oh! to busk aye
  Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride!—
But at this time NEWS AND WHISKEY
  Sprang nae up at ilk road-side.

Luckless was the hour whan Willie
  Hame returning frae the fair,
Ow'rtook Tam, a neebor billie,
  Sax miles frae their hame and mair;

Simmer's heat had lost its fury;
  Calmly smil'd the sober e'en;
Lasses on the bleachfield hurry
  Skelping bare-fit owre the green;

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,
  Canty Hairst was just begun,
And on mountain, tree, and water
  Glinted saft the setting sun.

Will and Tam wi' hearts a' lowpin
  Mark'd the hale, but could nae bide;
Far frae hame, nae time for stoppin,
  Baith wish'd for their ain fire side:

On they travell'd warm and drouthy,
  Cracking owre the news in town;
The mair they crack'd, the mair ilk youthy
  Pray'd for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens
  To poor merit's modest pray'r;

And on fools heaps needless blessins,
  Harken'd to our drouthy pair;

In a howm, wha's bonnie burnie
  Whimperin row'd its crystal flood,
Near the road, whar trav'llers turn aye,
  Neat and bield a cot-house stood;

White the wa's, wi' roof new theckit,
  Window broads just painted red;
Lown 'mang trees and braes it reckit,
  Haflins seen and haflins hid;

Up the gavel end thick spreading
  Crap the clasping ivy green,
Back owre, firs the high craigs cleading,
  Rais'd a' round a cozy screen:

Down below, a flowery meadow
  Join'd the burnie's rambling line;
Here it was, that Howe the Widow
  This sam day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
  Bottom, Will first marvelin sees
'*Porter, Ale, and British Spirits*,'
  Painted bright between twa trees.

'Godsake! Tam, here's walth for drinking;
  Wha can this new comer be?'
'Hoot!' quo' Tam, 'there's drouth in thinking;
  Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see.'

Nae mair time they took to speak or
  Think o' ought but reaming jugs;

Till three times in humming liquor
  Ilk had deeply laid his lugs.

Slocken'd now, refreah'd and talking,
  In came Meg (weel skill'd to please)
'Sirs! ye're surely tyr'd wi' walking;—
  Ye maun taste my bread and cheese.'

'Thanks, quo' Will;—I canna tarry,
  Pick mirk night is setting in,
Jean, poor thing's! her lane and eery—
  I maun to the road and rin.'

'Hoot!' quo' Tam, 'what's a' the hurry?
  Hame's now scarce a mile o' gaet—
Come! sit down—Jean winna wearie:
  Lord! I'm sure it's no sae late!'

Will, o'ercome wi' Tam's oration,
  Baith fell to and ate their fill—
'Tam!' quo' Will, 'in mere discretion,
  We maun hae the Widow's gill.'

After ae gill cam anither—
  Meg sat cracking 'tween them twa,
Bang! cam in Mat Smith and's brither,
  Geordie Brown and Sandie Shaw.

Neebors wha ne'er thought to meet here,
  Now sat down wi' double glee,
Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter!—
  Will gat hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing! had lang been greetin;
  Will, neist morning, blam'd Tam Lowes,
But ere lang, an owkly meetin
  Was set up at Maggie Howe's.

PART II.

MAIST things hae a sma' beginnin,
  But wha kens how things will end?
Owkly clubs are nae great sinnin,
  Gin folk hae enough to spend.

But nae man o' sober thinkin
  E'er will say that things can thrive,
If there's spent in owkly drinkin
  Wha keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun ay hae conversation,
  Ilka social soul allows;
But, in this reformin nation,
  Wha can speak without the news?

News, first meant for state physicians,
  Deeply skill'd in courtly drugs;
Now when a' are politicians,
  Just to set folks by the lugs.

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light
  On some things that should be clear,

Found ere lang the fau't, and ae night
  Clubb'd and gat the Gazetteer.*

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,
  Swith by post the papers fled!
Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house,
  Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,—
  'Things are no ga'en right,' quo' Tam,
'Let us aftener meet thegither;
  Twice a owk's no worth a d———n.'

See them now in grave convention
  To mak a' things 'square and even;'
Or at least wi' firm intention
  To drink sax nights out o' seven.

Mid this sitting up and drinkin,
  Gatherin a' the news that fell;
Will, wha was nae yet past thinking,
  Had some battles wi' himsel.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison
  Bare ilk firm resolve awa;
On the ither, Jean's condition
  Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smother'd sorrow!
  Weel he saw her bleaching cheek!
Mark'd the smile she strave to borrow,
  Whan, poor thing, she could nae speak!

* The Edinburgh Gazetteer, a violent opposition paper, published in 1793–4.

Jean, at first, took little heed o'
  Owkly clubs 'mang three or four,
Thought, kind soul! that Will had need o'
  Heartsome hours whan wark was owre.

But whan now that nightly meetings
  Sat and drank frae sax till twa;
Whan she fand that hard-earn'd gettings
  Now on drink ware thrown awa;

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie
  Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,
Now grown mauchless, dowf and sweer aye
  To look near his farm or wark;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,
  Healthy bloom, and sprightly ee;
And o' luve and hame grown wearit,
  Nightly frae his family flee:

Wha could blame her heart's complaining?
  Wha condemn her sorrows meek?
Or the tears that now ilk e'ening
  Bleach'd her lately crimson'd cheek!

Will, wha lang had rued and swither'd
  (Aye asham'd o' past disgrace)
Mark'd the roses as they wither'd
  Fast on Jeanie's lovely face!

Mark'd,—and felt wi' inward rackin
  A' the wyte lay wi' himsel,—
Swore neist night he' mak a breakin,—
  D———n'd the club and news to hell!

But alas! whan habit's rooted,
  Few hae pith the root to pu';
Will's resolves were aye nonsuited,
  Promis'd aye, but aye gat fou;

Aye at first at the convening
  Moraliz'd on what was right,—
Yet on clavers entertaining
  Doz'd and drank till brade day light.

Things at length draw near an ending,
  Cash rins out; Jean quite unhappy
Sees that Will is now past mending,
  Tynes a' heart, and taks a—drappy!*

Ilka drink deserves a poesy;
  Port maks men rude, and claret civil;
Beer maks Britons stout and rosy,
  Whiskey maks ilk wife—a devil.

Jean, wha lately bare affliction
  Wi' sae meek and mild an air,
School'd by whiskey, learns new tricks soon,
  Flyts, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

* The author cannot refrain from seizing the last opportunity he may ever have to caution his female readers against the vice here intentionally introduced. Women are not sufficiently aware of the danger annexed to the smallest indulgence in spirituous liquors. A delicate frame, or a susceptible mind experiencing a temporary relief from a pernicious stimulus, has recourse to it at a time when the best cordials are fortitude and resignation. Hence the deplorable habit of dram-drinking—a habit, the most disgusting—the most degrading to the female character!

Jean, sae late the tenderest mither,
  Fond o' ilk dear dauted wean!
Now, heart harden'd a' thegither,
  Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha vogie, loo'd to busk aye
  In her hame-spun, thrifty wark;
Now sells a' her braws for whiskey
  To her last gown, coot, and sark!

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,
  Loudly sings in whiskey's praise;
Sweet his sang!—the mair's the pity
  E'er on it he war'd sic lays.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
  E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia,
  Whiskey's ill will scaith her maist!

'Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace?
  Wha in neeboring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
  Deadly strength was in his arm!

'Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,
  Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
  But ware ony half sae fair?'

See them now—how chang'd wi' drinking!
  A' their youthfu' beauty gane!
Daver'd, doited, daiz'd and blinking,
  Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November,
(Claise, and cash, and credit out)
Cowring owre a dying ember,
Wi' ilk face as white's a clout;

Bond and bill, and debts a' stoppit,
Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;
Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit
Now to pay the laird his rent.

No anither night to lodge here!
No a friend their cause to plead!
He ta'en on to be a sodger,
She wi' weans to beg her bread!

'O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia,
Whiskey's ill will scaith her maist!'

THE WAES O' WAR:

OR

THE UPSHOT

OF THE

HISTORY O' WILL AND JEAN.

IN FOUR PARTS.

——Felices ter et amplius
Quos adversa docet Sors sapientiam.——BOETH.

Thrice happy pair
Wha wit frae luckless Fortune lear!

THE WAES O' WAR.

PART I.

Oh! that folk wad weel consider
  What it is to tyne a—name,
What this warld is a' thegither,
  If bereft o' honest fame!

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour;
  Hardships ne'er breed sorrow's smart,
If bright conscience taks upon her
  To shed sunshine round the heart:

But wi' a' that wealth can borrow,
  Guilty shame will ay look down;
What maun then shame, want, and sorrow
  Wandering sad frae town to town.

Jeanie Miller, ance sae cheerie!
  Ance sae happy, good and fair,
Left by Will, neist morning drearie
  Taks the road o' black despair!

Cauld the blast!—the day was sleeting;
  Pouch and purse without a plack!
In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,
  And the third tied on her back.

Wan her face! and lean and haggard!
  Ance sae sonsy! ance sae sweet!
What a change!—unhous'd and beggar'd,
  Starving without claise or meat!

Far frae ilk kent spot she wander'd,
  Skulking like a guilty thief;
Here and there, uncertain, daunder'd,
  Stupified wi' shame and grief:

But soon shame for bygane errors
  Fled owre fast for ee to trace,
Whan grim death, wi' a' his terrors
  Cam owre ilk sweet bairnie's face!

Spent wi' toil, and cauld and hunger,
  Baith down drapt! and down Jean sat!
Dais'd and doited' now nae langer;
  Thought—and felt—and bursting grat.

Gloaming, fast wi' mirky shadow
  Crap owre distant hill and plain;
Darken'd wood, and glen, and meadow,
  Adding fearfu' thoughts to pain!

Round and round, in wild distraction,
  Jeanie turn'd her tearfu' ee!
Round and round for some protection
  Face nor house she could na see!

Dark, and darker grew the night aye;
  Loud and sair the cauld winds thud!
Jean now spied a sma' bit lightie
  Blinking through a distant wood:

Up wi' frantic haste she started;
  Cauld, nor fear, she felt nae mair;
Hope, for ae bright moment, darted
  Through the gloom o' dark despair!

Fast owre fallow'd lea she brattled;
  Deep she wade through bog and burn;
Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,
  Till she reach'd the hop'd sojourn.

Proud, 'mang scenes o' simple nature,
  Stately auld, a mansion stood
On a bank, wha's sylvan feature
  Smil'd out-owre the roaring flood:

Simmer here, in varied beauty
  Late her flowery mantle spread
Whar auld chesnut, ake and yew-tree,
  Mingling, lent their friendly shade:

Blasted now wi' winter's ravage;
  A' their gaudy livery cast;
Wood and glen, in wailings savage,
  Sugh and howl to ilka blast!

Darkness stalk'd wi' fancy's terror;—
  Mountains mov'd, and castle rock'd!
Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,
  Reach'd the door, and loudly knock'd.

'Wha thus rudely wakes the sleeping?'
  Cried a voice wi' angry grane;—
'Help! oh help!' quo' Jeanie, weeping,
  'Help my infants, or they're gane!

Nipt wi' cauld?—wi' hunger fainting!
  Baith lie speechless on the lea!
Help!' quo' Jeanie, loud lamenting,
  'Help my lammies! or they'll die!'

'Wha's this travels cauld and hungry,
  Wi' young bairns sae late at e'en?
Beggars!' cried the voice, mair angry,
  'Beggars! wi' their brats, I ween.'

'Beggars now, alas! wha lately
  Helpt the beggar and the poor!'
'Fy! gudeman!' cried ane discreetly,
  'Taunt nae poortith at our door.'

Sic a night, and tale thegither,
  Plead for mair than anger's din:—
'Rise, Jock!' cried the pitying mither,
  'Rise! and let the wretched in.'

'Beggars now, alas! wha lately
  Helpt the beggar and the poor!'
'Enter!' quo' the youth fu' sweetly,
  While up flew the open door.

'Beggar, or what else, sad mourner!
  Enter without fear or dread;
Here, thank God! there's aye a corner
  To defend the houseless head!

For your bairnies cease repining;
  If in life, ye'll see them soon.'—
Aff he flew; and brightly shining
  Through the dark clouds brak the moon.

PART II.

HERE, for ae night's kind protection,
  Leave we Jean and weans a while;
Tracing Will in ilk direction,
  Far frae Britain's fostering isle!

Far frae scenes of saftening pleasure,
  Love's delights and beauty's charms!
Far frae friendship's social leisure,—
  Plung'd in murdering war's alarms!

Is it nature, vice, or folly,
  Or ambition's feverish brain,
That sae aft wi' melancholy
  Turns, sweet Peace! thy joys to pain?

Strips thee o' thy robes o' ermin,
  (Emblems o' thy spotless life)
And in war's grim look alarmin
  Arms thee wi' the murd'rer's knife!

A' thy gentle mind upharrows!
  Hate, revenge, and rage uprears!
And for hope and joy—twin marrows,
  Leaves the mourner drown'd in tears!

Willie Gairlace, without siller,
  Credit, claise, or ought beside,

Leaves his ance loo'd Jeanie Miller,
  And sweet bairns to warld wide!

Leaves his native cozy dwellin,
  Shelter'd haughs, and briken braes;
Greenswaird hows, and dainty mealin,
  Ance his profit, pride and praise!

Deckt wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,
  Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain;
Fleetch'd and flatter'd, roos'd and buskit,
  Wow! but Will was wondrous fain!

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking;
  How could thought her station keep?
Drams and drumming (faes to thinking)
  Doz'd reflection fast asleep.

But whan midst o' toils and dangers,
  Wi' the cauld ground for his bed,
Compass'd round wi' faes and strangers,
  Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled.

Led to battle's blood-dy'd banners,
  Waving to the widow's moan!
Will saw glory's boasted honours
  End in life's expiring groan!

Round Valenciennes' strong wa'd city
  Thick owre Dunkirk's fatal plain,
Will (tho' dauntless) saw wi' pity
  Britain's valiant sons lie slain!

Fir'd by freedom's burning fever,
  Gallia strack death's slaughtering knell;
Frae the Scheld to Rhine's deep river,
  Britons fought—but Britons fell!

Fell unaided! though cemented
  By the faith o' friendship's laws;—
Fell unpity'd—unlamented!
  Bluiding in a thankless cause!*

In the thrang o' comrades deeing,
  Fighting foremost o' them a';
Swift! fate's winged ball cam fleeing,
  And took Willie's leg awa':

Thrice frae aff the ground he started,
  Thrice, to stand, he strave in vain;
Thrice, as fainting strength departed,
  Sigh'd—and sank 'mang heaps o' slain.

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,
  Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay;
Without cover, bed or bedding,
  Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay!

In a sick-house, damp and narrow,
  (Left behint wi' hundreds mair)
See Will neist, in pain and sorrow,
  Wasting on a bed o' care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,
  Doctors cur'd wi' healing art;—

* Alluding to the conduct of the Dutch.

Cur'd! alas! but never! never!
  Cool'd the fever at his heart!

For whan a' ware sound and sleeping,
  Still and on, baith ear' and late,
Will in briny grief lay steeping,
  Mourning owre his hapless fate!

A' his gowden prospects vanish'd!—
  A' his dreams o' warlike fame!—
A' his glittering phantoms banish'd!
  Will could think o' nought but—hame!

Think o' nought but rural quiet,
  Rural labour! rural ploys!
Far frae carnage, bluid, and riot,
  War, and a' its murd'ring joys.

PART III.

Back to Britain's fertile garden
  Will's return'd (exchang'd for faes,)
Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,
  Friend or credit, meat or claise.

Lang through county, burgh, or city,
  Crippling on a wooden leg,
Gathering alms frae melting pity;
  See! poor Gairlace forc'd to beg!

Plac'd at length on Chelsea's bounty,
  Now to langer beg thinks shame,
Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty;—
  Dreams o' former joys, and hame!

Hame! and a' its fond attractions
  Fast to Will's warm bosom flee;
While the thoughts o' dear connexions
  Swell his heart and blind his ee—

'Monster! wha could leave neglected
  Three sma' infants, and a wife,
Naked—starving—unprotected!
  Them, too, dearer ance than life!

Villain! wha wi' graceless folly
  Ruin'd her he ought to save!
Chang'd her joys to melancholy,
  Beggary, and—perhaps, a grave!'

Starting!—wi' remorse distracted,—
  Crush'd wi' grief's increasing load,
Up he bang'd; and sair afflicted,
  Sad and silent took the road!

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin,
  Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth;
On a cart, or in a waggon,
  Hirpling ay towards the north.

Tir'd ae e'enin, stepping hooly,
  Pondering on his thraward fate,
In the bonny month o' July,
  Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft, the southlan breeze was blawing,
  Sweetly sugh'd the green ake wood!
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
  Strak the ear wi' thunderin thud!

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleeting;
  Linties sang on ilka tree;
Frae the wast, the sun, near setting,
  Flam'd on Roslin's towers* sae hie!

Roslin's towers! and braes sae bonny!
  Craigs and water, woods and glen!
Roslin's banks! unpeer'd by ony
  Save the muses' Hawthornden!†

Ilka sound and charm delighting;
  Will (tho' hardly fit to gang)
Wander'd on through scenes inviting,
  List'ning to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
  On a fragrant straeberry steep,
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,
  Wearied nature drapt asleep.

'Soldier, rise!—the dews o' e'ening
  Gathering fa', wi' deadly scaith!
Wounded soldier! if complaining,
  Sleep nae here and catch your death.

Traveller, waken!—night advancing
  Cleads wi' grey the neeboring hill!—

* Roslin Castle.

† The ancient seat of the celebrated poet, William Drummond, who flourished in 1585.

Lambs nae mair on knows are dancing
A' the woods are mute and still!'

'What hae I,' cried Willie, waking,
'What hae I frae night to dree?'—
Morn, thro' clouds in splendour breaking,
Lights nae bright'ning hope to me!

House, nor hame, nor farm, nor stedding!
Wife nor bairns hae I to see!
House, nor hame, nor bed, nor bedding—
What hae I frae night to dree'?'

Sair, alas! and sad and many
Are the ills poor mortals share!—
Yet, tho' hame nor bed ye hae nae,
Yield nae, soldier, to despair!

What's this life, sae wae and wearie,
If Hope's bright'ning beams should fail!
See!—tho' night comes dark and eerie,
Yon sma' cot-light cheers the dale!

There, tho' walth and waste ne'er riot,
Humbler joys their comforts shed;
Labour—health—content and quiet;
Mourner! there ye'll find a bed.

Wife! 'tis true, wi' bairnies smiling,
There, alas! ye needna seek—
Yet thir bairns, ilk wae beguiling,
Paint wi' smiles a mither's cheek!

A' her earthly pride and pleasure
Left to cheer her widow'd lot!

A' her warldly walth and treasure
To adorn her lanely cot!

Cheer, then, soldier! 'midst affliction
Bright'ning joys will aften shine;
Virtue aye claims Heaven's protection—
Trust to Providence divine!"

PART IV.

SWEET as Rosebank's* woods and river
Cool whan simmer's sunbeams dart,
Cam ilk word, and cool'd the fever
That lang brunt at Willie's heart.

Silent stept he on, poor fallow!
Listening to his guide before,
Owre green know, and flowery hallow,
Till they reach'd the cot-house door.

Laigh it was; yet sweet, tho' humble!
Deck'd wi' hinnysuckle round;
Clear below, Esk's waters rumble,
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers,† sae white and stately,
Dim by gloamin glint to view;
Thro' Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly
Skies sae red, and lift sae blue!

* Rosebank, near Roslin; the author's place of nativity.
† Melville's Castle, the seat of the Right Honourable Henry Dundas.

Entering now, in transport mingle
  Mither fond, and happy wean,
Smiling round a canty ingle
  Bleising on a clean hearth-stane.

'Soldier, welcome!—come, be cheery!
  Here ye'se rest, and tak your bed—
Faint,—waes me! ye seem, and weary,
  Pale's your cheek, sae lately red!'

'Chang'd I am,' sigh'd Willie till her;
  'Chang'd, nae doubt, as chang'd can be!
Yet, alas! does Jeanie Miller
  Nought o' Willie Gairlace see!'

Hae ye markt the dews o' morning
  Glittering in the sunny ray,
Quickly fa', when without warning
  Rough blasts cam, and shook the spray?

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing
  Drap, when pierc'd by death mair fleet?
Then, see Jean, wi' colour dieing,
  Senseless drap at Willie's feet!

After three lang years affliction
  (A' their waes now hush'd to rest,)
Jean ance mair, in fond affection,
  Clasps her Willie to her breast.

Tells him a' her sad—sad sufferings!
  How she wander'd, starving poor,
Gleaning pity's scanty offerings
  Wi' three bairns frae door to door!

How she serv'd—and toil'd—and fever'd,
  Lost her health, and syne her bread;
How that grief, whan scarce recover'd,
  Took her brain, and turn'd her head!

How she wander'd round the county
  Mony a live-lang night her lane!
Till at last an angel's bounty
  Brought her senses back again:

Gae her meat—and claise—and siller;
  Gae her bairnies wark and lear;
Lastly, gae this cot-house till her,
  Wi' four sterling pounds a year.

Willie, harkening, wip'd his ein aye;
  'Oh! what sins hae I to rue!
But say, wha's this angel, Jeanie?'
  'Wha,' quo' Jeanie, 'but—Buccleugh!*

Here, supported, cheer'd, and cherish'd,
  Nine blest months, I've liv'd, and mair;
Seen these infants clad and nourish'd;
  Dried my tears; and tint despair;

Sometimes serving, sometimes spinning,
  Light the lanesome hours gae round;
Lightly, too, ilk quarter rinning
  Brings yon angel's helping pound!'

'Eight pounds mair,' cried Willie, fondly,
  'Eight pounds mair will do nae harm!

* The Dutchess of Buccleugh, the unwearied patroness and supporter of the afflicted and the poor.

And, O Jean! gin friends ware kindly,
  Eight pounds soon might stock a farm.

There, ance mair, to thrive by plewin,
  Freed frae a' that peace destroys,
Idle waste and drunken ruin!
  War and a' its murdering joys!'

Thrice he kiss'd his lang lost treasure!
  Thrice ilk bairn; but cou'dna speak;
Tears o' luve, and hope, and pleasure
  Stream'd in silence down his cheek!

TO C. L. ESQ.

WITH A PRESENT OF A LARGE BOTTLE OF OLD JAMAICA RUM.

Dear honest hearted, canty Charlie!
To whom I'd trust baith late and earlie;
Accept, in token o' regard,
Frae rhyming Mac, your friend and bard,
A gift to raise on Sunday's even
Your mind frae earthly thoughts to heaven;
Or what's far mair, to keep frae quaking
Thy graceless saul for Sunday-breaking,
As reckless ay o' prayer or kirk
Ye ply your sinfu' wark till mirk,
Grunting owre deeds o' black rascality
In Session Courts and Admirality;
Till tir'd o' *horning* and *memorial*,
Ye turn frae tricks to things corporeal;
For lang law draughts, take ane that's shorter,
(I mean a draught o' Skae's good porter;)
For desperate debts and pleas unlucky,
Sit down and carve your roasted chucky,
And helping round ilk friend and cousin
That mak, at least, a round half dozen,
Wi' crack—and joke—and steeve rum toddy,
Lord! but ye turn a dainty body!

Now Charles, without a Sunday's blessing,
Wi' a' your want o' Sunday's dressing;
Wi' hair unkaim'd, and beard unshorn,
And slip-shod bachles, auld, and torn,
Coat, that nae decent man wad put on,
And waistcoat aft without a button,
And breeks (let *sans culottes* defend them)
I hope in God, ye'll change, or—mend them.
I say, wi' a' these black transgressions,
(The fruits o' your curst courts and sessions)
There's yet sic sparks o' grace about you;
Sic radiant truth that shines throughout you;
Sic friendship firm;—sic qualms o' honour
Whan sneaking rascals mak you sconner,
That ('pon my faith! I canna help it,
Though for't ilk time I should be skelpit)
I find a secret, inward greeting
O' peace at ilka Sunday meeting;
And feel—ye hash, wi' a' your duds on,
For you attractions like a loadstone;
That warm the heart wi' glows diviner
Than e'er I find for chiels that's finer.

Come, Charlie, then, my friend and brither!
Whan neist wi' a' convene thegither
To crack and joke in converse happy,
I' faith! we'se hae a hearty drappy;
And though I dinna like to buckle
Wi' hours owre late, or drink owre muckle,
Nor think it a' thegither right
To keep folk up on Sunday night,
I am resolv'd, be't right or sinfu';
To hae at least—a decent skinfu';

Wi' heart and hand keep friendship waking
And trust to heaven for *Sunday-breaking*.
And sure if bounteous heaven tak pleasure
In harmless mirth, and social leisure,
And grant us aye the power to borrow
Some thoughtless hours to banish sorrow,
To crack, and laugh, and drink, nae sin is
Wi' modest worth and Jeanie I———s;
After Sunday's feast—or pascal
Wi' you, ye kirkless canty rascal.

Mind then, whan honest trusty *Peter**
(Aboon a' praise in prose or metre)
Removes ilk dish, whar late, fu' dainty,
Stood roasted hen, and collops plenty;
And roddickins, and penches too,
And mussels picked nice wi' broo;
And haddies caller at last carting,
Or rizzer'd sweet by Mrs. Martin!
—Wi' kipper (brander'd het and broun)
A present sent frae Stirling town.
I say, when Pate wi' solemn face,
Removes ilk thing wi' steddy pace,
And brings the reeking burn and bowl
To cheer ilk presbyterian soul;†
Whan ance that ye, a' fidging fain
Draw the first cork wi' mony a grane,
And sometimes girning, sometimes blawin,
Examine gin its rightly drawn.
Whan three times round the port wine passes
And ilka friend has drank three glasses;

* An old man servant.
† The Sunday supper was called the Presbyterian supper.

Nae langer grane, nor fyke, nor daidle,
But brandish ye the—*langshank'd ladle*,
That magic wand that has the knack ay
To mak us a' sae pleas'd and cracky;
That Moses' rod that weets ilk mouthie
And maks streams gush for hearts that's drowthie,
And has the double power, sae curious!
To mak some chiels baith pleas'd and furious!

Now, as I've heard some hair-brain'd hempy
Growl whan your *chappin* bottle's empty,*
And roar, and swear, wi' aiths that's sinfu',
For what's ay ca'd—'anither *spoonfu'*;'
To satisfy sic maws rapacious,
I herewi' send o' size capacious
A *bottle* prim'd, my dainty callan,
Somewhat mair than half a gallon
O' precious gear, Ive lang been huntin,
Till caught at last frae Wattie Br———n.
Fill then!—and *drink!*—and banish dread
O' after sair wame, or sair head;
There's naithing here, our harns to daver,
But rare auld stuff to mak us claver;
For here I swear in rhyming letter,
D———n me! if e'er ye tasted better!

* The usual modicum.

THE ROSE O' KIRTLE.

A BALLAD.

In Roslin's bowers bloom fragrant flowers,
On Yarrow's banks they're mony;
Whar Kirtle* flows ance stately rose
The sweetest flower o' ony!
I've travel'd east, I've travel'd west,
I've been 'mang groves o' myrtle;
Tho' flowers bloom'd fair, nane could compare
Wi' the sweet Rose o' Kirtle.

In secret glade it rais'd its head,
And fair its leaves spread blooming!
And as they spread, they fragrance shed
A' Kirtle's banks perfuming!
Lur'd by its fame, the young anes came
(Some came frae west the Shannon)
And ilk ane swore, nae flower before
Bloom'd like the rose o' Annan.—

But wise anes knew a death-worm grew
Deep at its roots consuming;
And while they sigh'd, they mournfu' cried,
'The rose will fade that's blooming!'
'Twas then Fate said, 'frae native glade
We'll pu' the pride o' Kirtle;
In warmer bower we'll plant the flower,
And skreen it round wi' myrtle.'

* A small, beautiful stream in Annandale.

Sae Fate updrew the flower, and flew
Where Mersey's* stream runs flowing;
There, skreen'd frae harm, they plant it warm,
For there love's beams were glowing!
Fair, fair it spread! and gratefu' shed
Its healing balms, sweet smelling!
And as they flew, affliction knew
Blest health was near his dwelling.

Oh! had ye been where I hae seen
This rose 'mang myrtles blooming,
Ye wad hae sworn nae canker worm
Was fast its roots consuming:—
But, welladay! looks will betray!
And death love's joys will sever!
Ere midnight hour, death nipt the flower!
Its sweets are—gane for ever!

Ye, wha can smile at Life's fause guile,
While health's warm sun shines beamy,
Learn, that the flower o' Mersey's bower
Was Lucy's peerless Jemmie;
And ye wha mourn at Currie's urn,†
Or weep by Mersey's river,
Learn, that the rose that virtue blows,
Though dead, will—bloom for ever.

* The river that runs past Liverpool.
† Dr. James Currie, late of Liverpool.

SONGS.

TO THE READER.

The following small collection of Scottish Songs has, during the author's hours of relaxation, furnished occasional amusement for a number of years back. As they were the first attempt he made to compose in the Scottish dialect, and as the success of some of them was the cause of his succeeding productions in that language, they seem to have some claim to preservation.

Occupied frequently in the execution of what interests and amuses, the mind naturally turns to a consideration of the specific qualities, or distinguishing excellencies of the art that affords pleasure. The characteristic nature of our old Scottish songs and ballads, led the author to a serious consideration of their poetical and lyrical effect; influenced by their peculiar charms, he was induced to make some feeble attempts at imitation.—Although he was conscious of his inability, he however flattered himself that he had at least discovered the cause of his failure; and while unable to produce attractions, which, for such a length of time, have captivated the minds of millions, consoled himself with the reflection, that what had surpassed his powers, originated from circumstances which had prevented so many more from succeeding in this delicate and beautiful species of composition. What occurred

to him on this subject, he will now freely lay before the public. As his remarks are but few, and these short, he need make no apology for trespassing on the time of his reader; and as they may possibly lead to farther investigation, and to the improvement of song writing, they may be received with indulgence.

Lyrical composition has furnished subject for a variety of treatises by men of distinguished talents and erudition; and yet (if the author mistakes not) the essential requisites, or particular *qualities* necessary for this species of writing, have not hitherto been sufficiently defined. In all our most admired songs and ballads, the distinguishing qualities are, *passion*, *delicacy*, and *humour*, expressed in a simplicity of language true to nature, and unfettered by the fastidiousness of art. It necessarily follows, that without the *possession* of similar qualities in the composer, it is next to impossible that he can be successful. *Tenderness*, or the passion of love, as it is not only the most prevalent, but the most attractive, holds the first place in this species of writing; but as the passion is vivid, so must the language be that expresses it. Sentimental love, therefore, or that species of amatory language involved in accompanying sentiment and reflection, is not the right road to the heart. The attack must be instantaneous, and in the fewest words possible, or the influence will be unfelt. Hence the powerful effect of our old pathetic songs and ballads, abrupt in their transitions, and forcible in their passionate touches; and hence the languid insipidity of our modern sentimental madrigals, that operate like a lullaby. It likewise occurs to the author,

that, without a strong natural predilection for *music*, and a mind fully susceptible of its charms, it is unlikely that any poet, however eminent for other qualities, can be successful in song writing. There is so close an union between these sister arts, that to separate them in the present instance, is like the separation of mind from body. A plaintive, a tender, or a lively air, operating forcibly on a true musical mind, produces wonderful effects on poetic composition; but, independently of this influence, a poet, of real musical taste and feeling, is necessarily, and indeed insensibly, led by the particular cadences and expressive passages in an air, to apply corresponding words and sentiments. If there be any truth in this remark, the impropriety of composing airs to words, instead of words to airs, must be obvious.

The nature of the present subject might authorize the author to say something of those modern writers who have devoted a considerable portion of their time to lyrical composition, and furnished the public with a number of their productions; but as this might possibly give offence to some, and be considered invidious, he has conceived it proper to avoid the subject. A comparative view of their respective merits and defects, might throw additional light on the essential requisites of song writing, and tend to illustrate the cursory remarks thrown out in the present short essay. It may however, be safely asserted, that the principal defects in most of our modern lyrical compositions, are a want of passion, particularly tenderness, and a want of simplicity. This must proceed either from a deficiency of natural sensibility and taste in

the writers, or from a want of due attention to the nature of the music for which they have composed words.—The uncommon excellence of our passionate Scottish airs furnishes such excitements to the various emotions of the human heart, that no other cause can be assigned for a deficiency of corresponding passion in the words that accompany them. Exclusively of this, our lyrical poets in the Scottish dialect have nothing to plead in their behalf from any defect in the language in which they write, since none can supply a greater number or variety of appropriate terms and epithets of endearment to express the language of love, not only with the utmost tenderness, but with the greatest delicacy. It may likewise be observed (now that we are on the subject,) that it is also highly favourable to the humorous. It abounds in phrases, epithets, and proverbial sayings, peculiarly calculated to excite risibility; and, in addition to this advantage, our Scots songs of humour admit of a free adoption of provincialisms and phraseology, which, in subjects of more dignity, would be offensively vulgar, but which, in the present instance, give an additional zest and poignancy to ludicrous composition. In this last walk, a late admired writer* excels all his contemporaries, and stands unrivalled; but, in support of our preceding opinions, let it be remembered, that this poet *possessed* true native humour, and was at all times alive to its influence.

These observations, the author, with the utmost candour, gives to the public, merely with the view to improve a species of writing highly interesting

* Burns.

and grateful to national taste and feeling. After what has already been premised, it is almost unnecessary for him to remark, that they have no reference whatever to the trifles that immediately follow, nor indeed to any thing in these volumes.

December, 1805.

SONGS.

THE LAMMIE.

Air.—Name Unknown.

'WHAR hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?
  Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?'
'I've been by burn and flowery brae,
  Meadow green, and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing,
  Just come frae her mammy.'

'And whar gat ye that young thing,
  My boy Tammy?'
'I gat her down in yonder how,
  Smiling on a broomy know,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe
  For her poor mammy.'

'What said ye to the bonie bairn,
  My boy Tammy?'
'I prais'd her een, sae lovely blue,
  Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;—
I pree'd it aft as ye may true!—
  She said, she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
  My young, my smiling Lammie!
"I hae a house, it cost me dear,
  I've walth o' plenishen and geer;
Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair,
  Gin ye will leave your mammy."

'The smile gade aff her bonie face—
  "I maun nae leave my mammy;
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise,
  She's been my comfort a' my days:—
My father's death brought mony waes—
  I canna leave my mammy."

"We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,
  My ain kind-hearted Lammie!
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
  We'll be her comfort a' her days."
The wee thing gie's her hand and says,—
  "There! gang and ask my mammy!"

'Has she been to kirk wi' thee,
  My boy Tammy?'
'She has been to kirk wi' me,
  And the tear was in her ee,—
But O! she's but a young thing
  Just come frae her mammy.'

I LOO'D NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

Air—My lodging is on the cold ground.

I loo'd ne'er a laddie but ane,
He loo'd ne'er a lassie but me;
He's willing to mak me his ain,
And his ain I am willing to be.
He has coft me a rocklay o' blue
And a pair o' mittens o' green;
The price was a kiss o' my mou,
And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land, and their lordlie degree;
I carena for ought but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordlie to me:
His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!
His sense drives ilk fear far awa!
I listen—poor fool! and I greet,
Yet O! sweet are the tears as they fa'!

'Dear lassie,' he cries wi' a jeer,
'Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear,
What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
Yet see how he's dwining wi' care:
Now we, though we've naithing but health,
Are cantie and leil evermair.

'O Marion! the heart that is true
Has something mair costly than gear,
Ilk e'en it has naithing to rue;
Ilk morn it has naithing to fear.
Ye warldlings! gae, hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear ought ye tyne:
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
While here in my arms I lock mine!'

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—
Waes me! can I tak it amiss?
My laddie's unpractis'd in guile,
He's free ay to daut and to kiss!
Ye lasses wha loe to torment
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,
And this night I am Jamie's for life.

O TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO.

Air—Bonny Dundee.

'Oh! tell me, bonie young lassie!
Oh tell me how for to woo!
Oh tell me, bonie sweet lassie!
Oh tell me how for to woo!
Say, maun I roose your cheeks like the morning?
Lips like the roses fresh moisten'd wi' dew?
Say, maun I roose your een's pawkie scorning?
Oh! tell me how for to woo!

Far hae I wander'd to see the dear lassie!
Far hae I ventur'd across the saut sea!
Far hae I travell'd owre moorland and mountain,
Houseless, and weary, sleep'd cauld on the lea!
Ne'er hae I tried yet to mak luve to onie;
For ne'er loo'd I onie till ance I loo'd you;
Now we're alane in the green-wood sae bonie!
—Oh! tell me how for to woo!'

'What care I for you wand'ring, young laddie!
What care I for your crossing the sea!
It was na for naithing ye left poor young Peggy;
It was for my tocher ye cam to court me;—
Say, hae ye gowd to busk me aye gawdie?
Ribbans, and perlins, and breast-knots enew?
A house that is canty, wi' walth in't my laddie?
Without this ye never need try for to woo.'

'I hae na gowd to busk ye aye gawdie!
I canna buy ribbans and perlins enew!
I've naithing to brag o', house, or o' plenty!
I've little to gie but a heart that is true—
I cam na for tocher—I ne'er heard o' onie;
I never loo'd Peggy nor e'er brak my vow—
I've wander'd, poor fool! for a face fause as bonie!
—I little thought this was the way for to woo!'

'Our laird has fine *houses*, and *guineas* in gowpins!
He's youthfu', he's blooming, and comely to see!
The leddies are a' ga'en wood for the wooer,
And yet, ilka e'ening, he leaves them for me!—

O! saft in the gloaming his luve he discloses!
And saftly yestreen, as I milked my cow,
He swore that my breath it was sweeter than roses,
And a' the gait hame he did naithing but woo.'

'Ah, Jenny! the young laird may brag o' his siller,
His houses, his lands, and his lordly degree;
His speeches for *true luve* may drap sweet as honey,
But, trust me, dear Jenny! he ne'er loed like *me*.
The wooing o' gentry are the words o' fashion;
The faster they fa' as the heart is least true!—
The dumb look o' luve's aft the best proof o' passion:
The heart that feels maist is the least fit to woo!'

'Hae na ye roos'd my cheeks like the morning!
Hae na ye roos'd my cherry-red mou!
Hae na ye come owre sea, moor, and mountain,
What mair, Johnie, need ye to woo?
Far hae ye wander'd, I ken my dear laddie;
Now that ye've found me, there's na cause to rue;
Wi' health we'll hae plenty—I'll never gang gawdie,
I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is true.'

She hid her fair face in her true lover's bosom;
The saft tear o' transport fill'd ilk lover's ee;
The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sabbit,
And sweet sang the mavis aboon on the tree.

He clasp'd her, he press'd her, and ca'd her his hinny,
And aften he tasted her hinny-sweet mou;
And ay 'tween ilk kiss she sigh'd to her Johnie
'Oh! laddie!—*weel* can ye woo!'

TAK TENT AND BE WARY.

'HECH! lass, but ye're cantie and vogie!
Wow! but your e'en look pauky and roguie!
What war ye doing, Kate, down in yon bogie,
Up in the morning sae airy and grey?'
'I've been wi' *some body!* what need ye to speer?
I've been wi' young Jamie!—I've been wi' my dear!
—God save me! my mither will miss me, I fear!
D'ye ken, lass! he's courting me a' the lang day!'

'O Kate, tak tent and be wary!
Jamie's a sad ane—he never will marry;
Think o' poor Tibby;—he's left her to carry
Black burning shame till the day that she'll die!'
'I carena for Tibby—a glaiket young quean!
Her gaits wi' the fallows we a' ken long syne!
The heart o' my laddie I *never* can tyne!
He promis'd to marry me down on yon lea

O no! I need na be wary!—
Yes! yes he means for to marry!
Wi' mony sweet kisses he ca'd me his deary,
And swore he wad tak me afore Beltan day.'

'O Kate! Kate! he'll deceive ye!
(The de'il take the chiel! he does naithing but grieve me!)
He's fu' o' deceit!—gin ye like to believe me,
The fause loon last night tald the same tale to me.'

'Dear Jean! but ye're unco camstary!
Ye'll ne'er let a bodie trou ever they'll marry!
Ye've now gi'en me something that's no light to carry,
'Twill lie at my heart till the day that I die!
She gaed awa sighing! she gaed away wae;
Her mither flet sair for her byding away!
She sat down to spin!—ne'er a word could she say,
But drew out a thread wi' the tear in her ee.

'O yes!—it's time to be wary!
Jamie's a sad ane!—he ne'er means to marry!—
He may rise in the morning, and wait till he's wearie!
He's no see my face for a year and a day!'
She raise wi' the lavroc, she milked her cow;
Sat down by her leglin and 'gan for to rue:—
Young *Jamie* cam by—her heart lap to her mou!
And she trou'd ilka word that the fause loon did say!
—Hech! sirs! how lasses will vary!
Sometimes they're doubtfu'—'tis then they are *wary;*
But when luve comes louping, they ay think we'll marry,
And trust, like poor Kate, to what fause loons will say.

MALLY AIKEN,

AN OLD SONG REVIVED.

Air.—Gaelic.

'O LISTEN! listen and I'll tell ye*
How this fair maid's play'd her part:—
First she vow'd and promis'd to me,
Now she strives to break my heart!'
  Erin O! Mally Aiken,
  Erin O s'dhu ma roon.

I coft you silken garters, Mally,
And sleeve-knots for your tartan gown;
I coft you a green necklace, Mally,
To busk you whan you gade to town:
You gae me kisses sweet as hinny!
You gae me words mair sweet than true;
You swore you loo'd me best o' ony;
—Ah! why than Mally break your vow!
  Erin O! Mally Aiken,
  Erin O s'dhu ma roon.

Yon auld man came wi' wyles sae bonie,
He bragg'd o' land and walth o' gear;
He promis'd braws mair fine than Johnie
To busk ye for the kirk and fair;

* This verse is all the author ever heard of the original.—The meaning of the Gaelic chorus is, O Mally Aiken, thou art my love.

He gae up tocher to your daddy ;—
Your mither sigh'd and thought o' me ;
But Mally wish'd to be a *lady*,
And chang'd true luve for—high degree !
  Erin O ! Mally Aiken,
  Erin O s'dhu ma roon.

He's ta'en you hame ; he's made you gawdie,
He's busk'd you to the kirk and fair ;
But you had better ta'en your laddie,
For *happiness* you'll ne'er see mair !
You may gang to kirk and fair, my Mally ;
Your face and braws catch ilka ee,
But happiness you'll *ne'er* see, Mally,
For breaking o' your vows to me !
  Erin O ! Mally Aiken,
  Erin O s'dhu ma roon.

TO GET A MAN.

THIS warld is a lottery, as ilk ane may ken ;
There are prizes for women as weel as for men :
But as far as my faither and mither can see,
Though the're prizes for some, the're aye blanks
  for me !

Though black, I'm comely ; my een's like a slae !
Odd ! I'm sure they're far better that een that are
  grey ?
Yet the lads they court Katey as fast as they can,
While my father aye tells me—*I'll ne'er get a man.*

I'm held down wi' wark frae morning till e'en,
My claise ay unsnod, and my face seldom clean!
How the sorrow! on me can our lads ever look
When I gang aye sae thief-like, as black as the crook!

For fairs and for preachings I hae but ae gown!
(Lord! I wish I was busk'd like our queans in the town!)
Yet whane'er I stay late—how my father he'll ban,
Wi' a—'Divil confound ye! ye'll ne'er get a man!'

My mither aye thinks I'm to sit still and spin:
Whan the sogers gae by, war I fell'd I maun rin,
Then she roars, and she flytes (though the sam's done by Kate)
Wi' a—'Sorrows be on ye! ye'll gang a grey gate!'

I fain wad hae Jamie———but then he loes Jean;
And I'd e'en tak lean Patie, tho' just skin and bane;
But my faither and mither tauld baith him and Dan
That I'm *three* years owre young yet to hae a gudeman!

A usage sae barb'rous! nae mortal can bear!
—Odd! they'll drive me to madness wi' perfect despair!
If I canna get Jamie, nor yet Dan nor Pate,
Faith I'll e'en tak the first chiel that comes in my gate.

Gle'yd Sawnie, that haiv'rel, he met me yestreen,
He roos'd first my black hair, and syne my black een!

While he dawted and kiss'd, tho' I ken he's a fool,
Lord! I thought that my heart wad hae loupt out
o' hool!

Quo he, 'Bonny Maggy, gin ye war mine ain,
I hae house and plenty, for wife and for wean,
And whan my auld daddy steps aff to the grave,
Faith! we'll then haud our head up as high as the
lave.'

I dinda like Sawnie—he's blind o' an ee;
But then he's the first's talk'd o' *marriage* to me;
And whan folk are ill us'd they maun do what they
can,
Sae I'll make them a' liars, and tak a gudeman.

LASSIE WI' THE GOWDEN HAIR.

Air.—Gaelic.

'LASSIE wi' the gowden hair,
Silken snood, and face sae fair:
Lassie wi' the yellow hair,
Think nae to deceive me!
Lassie wi' the gowden hair,
Flattering smile, and face sae fair;
Fare ye weel! for never mair
Johnie will believe ye!
O no! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, Mary bawn,*
O no! Mary bawn, ye'll na mair deceive me!

* Bawn, (Gaelic) fair, white, generally applied to the hair.

Smiling, twice ye made me troo ;
Twice—(poor fool!) I turn'd to woo ;
Twice, fause maid! ye brak your vow,
Now I've sworn to leave ye!
Twice, fause maid! ye brak your vow,
Twice, poor fool! I've learn'd to rue—
Come ye yet to mak me troo?
Thrice ye'll ne'er deceive me!
No! no! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, Mary bawn!
O no! Mary bawn! *thrice* ye'll ne'er deceive me.

Mary saw him turn to part;
Deep his words sank in her heart;
Soon the tears began to start—
'Johnie, will ye leave me?'
Soon the tears began to start,
Grit and gritter grew his heart!—
'Yet ae word before we part,
Luve cou'd ne'er deceive ye!
O no! Johnie dow, Johnie dow, Johnie dow,*
O no! Johnie dow—luve cau'd *ne'er* deceive ye.'

Johnie took a parting keek,
Saw the tears hap owre her cheek!
Pale she stood, but coudna speak!
Mary's cur'd o' smiling.
Johnie took anither keek—
Beauty's rose has left her cheek!
Pale she stands, and canna speak.
This is nae *beguiling*.
O no! Mary bawn, Mary bawn, dear Mary bawn,
No, no! Mary bawn—*Luve* has nae beguiling.

* Dow, (Gaelic) black, generally applied to the hair.

JEANIE'S BLACK EE;

OR

THA' MI 'N AM CHODAL, 'SNA DUISGIBH MI.

Air.—Cauld Frosty Morning.

The sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning!
Light sprang the lavroc and mounted sae hie;
When true to the tryst o' blythe May's dewy morning
My Jeanie came linking out owre the green lea.

To mark her impatience, I crap 'mang the brakens,
Aft, aft to the kent gate she turn'd her black ee;
Then lying down dowlie, sigh'd by the willow tree,
'Ha me mohatel na douska me.'*

Saft through the green birks I sta' to my jewel,
Streik'd on spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree!
'Think na, dear lassie, thy Willie's been cruel,'
'Ha me mohatel na douska me.'

'Wi' luve's warm sensations I've mark'd your impatience,
Lang hid 'mang the brakens I watch'd your black ee—

* I am asleep, do not waken me.—The Gaelic chorus is pronounced according to the present orthography.

You're no sleeping, pawkie Jean! open thae lovely
    een!'
  'Ha me mohatel na douska me.'

'Bright is the whin's bloom ilk green dow adorn-
    ing!
Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew!
Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning!
Dark waves her haffet locks owre her white brow!

O! light! light she's dancing keen on the smooth
    gowany green,
Barefit and kilted half up to the knee!
While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport my
    fill,'—
  'I was asleep, and ye've wakened me!'

'I'll rin and whirl her round; Jeanie is sleeping
    sound;
Kiss her and clasp her fast; nae ane can see!
Sweet! sweet's her hinny mou'—'Will, I'm no
    sleeping now,
  I was asleep, but ye waken'd me.'

Laughing till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,
Kiss'd her ripe roses and blest her black ee!
And ay since whane'er we meet, sing, for the sound
    is sweet,
  'Ha me mohatel na douska me.'

THE PLAID AMANG THE HETHER.

Air.—Old Highland Laddie.

The wind blew hie owre muir and lea,
And dark and stormy grew the weather;
The rain rain'd sair; nae shelter near
But my luve's plaid amang the hether:
O my bonnie highland lad!
My winsome, weelfar'd highland laddie;
Wha wad mind the wind and weit
Sae weel row'd in his tartan pladdie?

Close to his breast he held me fast;—
Sae cozy, warm, we lay thegither!
Nae simmer heat was half sae sweet
As my luve's plaid amang the hether!
O my bonnie, &c.

Mid wind and rain he tald his tale;
My lightsome heart grew like a feather;
It lap sae quick I coudna speak,
But silent sigh'd amang the hether!
O my bonny, &c.

The storm blew past; we kiss'd in haste;
I hameward ran and tald my mither;
She gloom'd at first, but soon confess'd
The bowls row'd right amang the hether!
O my bonny, &c.

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream
Whar Will and I fresh flowers will gather;
Nae storms I fear, I've got my dear
Kind hearted lad amang the hether!
O my bonnie highland lad
My winsome, weelfar'd highland laddie!
Should storms appear, my Will's ay near
To row me in his tartan pladdie.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY;

OR,

MODERN MARRIAGE DELINEATED.

Air.—Johnie Maggill.

'Come under my plaidy, the night's gau' to fa';
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
O! come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.

'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, ga 'wa,
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no sit beside ye;
Ye may be my gutcher:—auld Donald gae 'wa'.

I'm gau'n to meet Johnie, he's young and he's bonnie;
He's been at Meg's bridal, sae trig and sae braw!
O nane dances sae lightly! sae graceful'! sae tightly!
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow like the snaw!

'Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa',
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naithing ava;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back,
He's thretty, and I'm but three'core and twa.
Be frank now and kindly; I'll busk you aye finely;
To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca.'

'My father's ay tauld me, my mither and a',
Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
It's true I loo Johnie, he's gude and he's bonie,
But waes me! ye ken he has naething ava!
I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
Sae gi' me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.'

She crapt in ayont him, aside the stane wa',
Whar Johnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
The day was appointed! his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!
And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;
The howlet was screamin', while Johnie cried 'women
Wad marry auld nick if he'd keep them aye bra.'

O the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae bra'
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore nd twa;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
Plain luve is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!

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*VALOUR SHIELDS THE BRAVE.**

Air.—An old Gaelic tune.

J. HARK!—hark! the sound of batttle!
Warning thrice, the cannon's rattle!
Fast o'er plain and mountain brattle
Scotia's thousands brave!
A. Never!—never mair to tell
When freedom fought!—where valour fell!
Nor return! till death's sad knell
Toll warriors to the grave!
J. Awa wi' fear!—stop that tear!
Freedom's cause to freemen's dear!
Valour, Annie!—valour! valour!
True valour shields the brave!

II.

A. Whar shields the helpless? Johnnie,
Wha guards a wife like Annie?
Trembling here, wi' infants bonnie!
Sever'd frae the brave!

* Written during the prospect of an immediate invasion. The song represents the parting between a husband and wife, on the first signal of the enemy's approach.

Wha smiles to banish fear?
Wha remains to stop the tear?
J. Faithful love, and heaven's kind care,
My Annie's peace will save!
Then banish dread!—tear ne'er shed!
Gallia's chains for slaves are made!
Britons, Annie!—Britons! Britons!
Free Britons scorn the slave!

III.

A. Gang—gang! then, dearest Johnnie!
Slavery's ill's the warst o' ony!—
Heaven and virtue guard your Annie!—
God direct the brave!
This warm kiss before you start!
Place this token near your heart!—
Friendship now and peace maun part,
Dear freedom's cause to save!
J. Then banish dread!—tear ne'er shed!
If freedom fa's, love's joys drap dead!
Freedom, Annie! Freedom! Freedom!
Blest freedom! or—the Grave!

IV.

Wi' trembling hand, and heart sair knockin,
Round his neck she tied love's token;
Sighed, and cried in words half spoken,
Heaven shields the brave!
The trumpet blew! the warrior flew;
Met Scotia's freemen, dauntless, true!
Firm their step! ranks Red and Blue,
Cried, Victory, or the Grave!

Then, Tyrant, dread! to conquest led
Bands in freedom's armour clad!—
Freedom! Tyrant!—Freedom! Freedom!
Blest Freedom! shield the brave!

THE

AULD WIFE'S LAMENT.—1804.

Air.—A rock, and a wee pickle tow.

THIS warld o' ours has been lang in a low!—
I wonder wha bred the beginning o't?
God send us a rock, and a wee pickle tow!
And let us again to the spinning o't!
Our spinning, God help us! is no ganging right;
Our men they're for fighting; our women tak fright;
We're vap'ring a' day; and we're blind-fou at night:
—But wha yet has heard o' the winning o't?

They crack o' our trade, and they crack o' our walth;
They brag o' our mills that are spinning o't;
But, spite o' our boasting, and spite o' our pelf,
Good faith! I hear few that are winning o't.
Our wabsters are breaking, our looms they stand still!
Our lads doing little but tending the drill!—
I doubt if e'en lairds now their pouches can fill—
—Oh, hon! for the wearie beginning o't!

They're plenty, nae doubt, who can haud their
head high,
And ay wad be thought to be winning o't;
We're a' ganging fine: but we ay keep abeigh,
When folk wad keek in at the spinning o't.
Our houses are glittering; our lasses gang bra'!
Our tables are costly—our pride's warst o' a'!
But gin we gae on, we shall soon get a fa'!
And then we'll hear nought but the tyning o't!

Oh—oh! for the time when we sat at our wheel,
And ilka ane gang to the spinning o't!
A canty fire-side, and a cap o' good ale,
Gaed ay sweetly down wi' the winning o't!—
We're strutting!—We're blawing! morn, e'ening
and noon,
We're wishing to see our French friends unco soon?
But gif Bonaparte gangs on as he's done,
We'll neither see end nor beginning o't!
Yet think na, my lads, ye are yet to lie by!—
It's ay right to try a beginning o't;
When folk are sair put, they maun e'en 'ride and
tie;'
Its better than gi' up the spinning o't:
Then up wi' your muskets, and up wi' your might!
And up wi' your signals and fires on ilk height!
If ance we get steddy, we yet may get right,
And, aiblins, ere lang prie the winning o't!

O JOHNIE! CAN YOU PITY ONY.

Air.—Katey, will ye marry Patie.*

O JOHNIE! can you pity ony!
Is your heart yet turn'd to stane?
Can ye calmly hear that Menie
Ne'er will see your face again?
Here I've wander'd wae and weary;
Here I've fought wi' wind and rain;
Here I've sworn your ance loo'd deary
Ne'er will see your face again.

Owre lang hae I pin'd in sorrow!
Owre lang hae I sigh'd in vain;
Hearts, tho' leil, can sometimes borrow
Pride whan treated wi' disdain!
Then tak your smiles and fause deceiving,
Gie them to a heart mair true!
—Mine, alas! is chang'd wi' grieving
Torn by faithless luve and you.

Yet ae word before our parting,
(Since for ever mair we part)
In the midst o' pleasure—starting,
Menie's wrangs will wring your heart!—
For Johnie gin ye pity ony,
Gin your hearts no turn'd to stane,
Ye maun rue the cause that Menie
Ne'er will see your face again.

* This is an attempt to show that many of our Scottish airs hitherto accounted *lively*, are (if sung slow and accompanied with appropriate words) likewise favourable for the tender or *the pathetic.*

[illegible]

THE

SCOTTISH MUSE.

JAMAICA, 1793.

ADVERTISEMENT.

UNDER the influence of a distressing state of health, which had continued, unabated, for six years, the following poem was composed, in the island of Jamaica, whither the author went with a view of trying the effects of a tropical climate. If it possesses no other merit, it may at least lay claim to simplicity of sentiment and diction, and to a faithful representation of events during a life of vicissitude, of which the present piece may be considered as a poetical epitome. These, it is true, furnish little to excite astonishment, or rouse imagination; and, consequently, perhaps, little to procure public approbation. They may, however, tend to illustrate an important truth to the afflicted, namely, that in the human mind there are resources which, if called into action, can amuse and solace in the hour of adversity, when all the allurements of pleasure, and all the luxuries of wealth, will fail; for often

Ingenium res adversæ nudare solent celere secundæ.

THE

SCOTTISH MUSE.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much:
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these more brisk and giddy paced times.
SHAKSPEARE.

O WELCOME simply soothing treasure!
In midst o' pain my lanely pleasure!
Tutor'd by thee, and whispering leisure,
I quit the thrang,
And, wrapt in bless'd retirement, measure
Thy varied sang!

Kind, leil companion! without thee,
Ah welladay! what should I be!*
Whan jeer'd by fools wha canna see
My inward pain,
Aneath thy sheltering wing I flee
And mak my mane.

* The author's complaints were such, that, unable either to read or write above a few minutes without distress, his only amusement was to compose by the help of *memory* alone. It may, perhaps, be worth mentioning, that Will and Jean, the Waes of War, the Links o' Forth, and the present poem, were all composed by memory, previously to the commitment of a single line to paper.

There seated, smiling by my side,
For hours thegither wilt thou bide,
Chanting auld tales o' martial pride
And luve's sweet smart!
Till glowing warm thy numbers glide
Streight to the heart.

'Tis then, wi' powerful plastic hand
Thou wav'st thy magic-working wand;
And stirring up ideas grand
That fire the brain,
Aff whirl'st me swith to fairy land
'Mang fancy's train.—

Scar'd by disease when balmy rest
Flees trembling frae her downy nest;
Starting frae horror's dreams oppress,
I see thee come
Wi' radiance mild that cheers the breast
And lights the gloom!

Heart'ning thou com'st, wi' modest grace,
Hope, luve, and pity in thy face,
And gliding up wi' silent pace
My plaints to hear,
Whisper'st in turn thae soothing lays
Saft in my ear.

'Ill fated wand'rer! doom'd to mane!
Wan sufferer! bleech'd wi' care and pain!
How chang'd alas! since vogie vain,
Wi' spirits light,
Ye hail'd me first in untaught strain
On Strevlin's height!

'Ah me! how stark! how blithe! how bauld
Ye brattl'd then through wind and cauld!
Reckless, by stream, by firth and fauld
Ye held your way;
By passion rul'd; by luve enthrall'd,
Ye pour'd the lay.

'Twas then, entranc'd in am'rous sang,
I mark'd you midst the rural thrang;
Ardent and keen, the hail day lang
Wi' Nature tane,
Slip frae the crowd and mix amang
Her simple train.

'Twas then I saw (alas! owre clear!)
Your future thriftless, lost career!
And while some blam'd, wi' boding fear,
The tunefu' art,
Your moral pride and truth sincere
Aye wan my heart.

'He ne'er can lout,' I musing said,
'To ply the fleeching, fawning trade;
Nor bend the knee, nor bow the head
To *walth or power!*
But backward turn wi' scornfu' speed
Frae flatt'ry's door.

'He'll never learn his bark to steer
'Mid *passion's* sudden, wild career;
Nor try at times to tack or veer
To *int'rest's* gale,
But hoist the sheet, unaw'd by fear,
Tho' storms prevail.

'Owre proud to ask;—owre bauld to yield!
Whar will he find a shelt'ring beild?
Whan poortith's blast drifts cross the field
Wi' wintry cauld,
What will be wone—poor feckless chield!
Whan frail and auld?

'Year after year in youtheid's prime,
Wander he will, frae clime to clime,
Sanguine wi' hope on wing sublime
Mount heigh in air!
But than—waes me! there comes a time
O' dool and care!

'There comes a time!—or soon, or late,
O' serious thought and sad debate;
Whan blighted hope and adverse fate
Owrespread their gloom,
And mirk despair, in waefu' state,
Foresees the doom!

'—And maun he fa'! (I sighing cried)
Wi' guardian honour by his side!
Shall fortune frown on guiltless pride
And straits owretake him
—Weel! blame wha like—whate'er betide
I'se ne'er forsake him!

'Ardent I spake! and frae the day
Ye hail'd me smiling; youthfu' gay
On *Aichil's* whin-flower'd fragrant brae
I strave to cheer ye!
Frae morn's first dawn to e'en's last ray
I ay was near ye.

'Frae west to east*—frae isle to isle,
To India's shore and sultry soil;
'Mid tumult, battle, care, and toil,
I following flew;
Ay smooth'd the past, and wak'd the smile
To prospects new.

'Whan warfare ceas'd its wild uproar
To Elephanta's† far-fam'd shore
I led ye ardent to explore
Wi' panting heart,
Her idle monuments o' yore
And sculptur'd art.

'Sweet flew the hours! (the toil your boast)
On smiling Salsett's cave-wrought coast!—
Though hope was tint—tho' a' was cross'd‡
Nae dread alarms
Ye felt—fond fool! in wonder lost
And nature's charms!

'Frae east to west, frae main to main,
To Carib's shores return'd again;
In sickness, trial, hardship, pain,
Ye ken yoursell,
Drapt frae the muse's melting strain
Peace balmy fell.

'Fell sweet! for as she warbling flew,
Hope lent her heav'n's refreshing dew;

* West and East Indies.

† See the author's account of the caves of *Elephanta*, *Canary*, and *Amboia*, published in the eighth volume of the Archæologia.

‡ An unexpected change in administration, at home, blasted all the author's fair prospects in India.

Fair virtue close, and closer drew
To join the lay;
While conscience bright, and brighter grew,
And cheer'd the way!

'Whether to east or westward borne,
(Or flush'd wi' joy, or wae-forlorn)
Ye hail'd the fragrant breath o' morn
Frae orange flower,
Or cassia-bud, or log-wood thorn,
Or Guava bower.

'Or frae the mist-cap'd mountain blue
Inhal'd the spicy gales that flew
Rich frae Pimento's[a] groves that grew
In dee p'ning green,
Crown'd wi' their flowers o' milk-white hue
In dazzling sheen!

'Whether at midnoon* panting laid,
Ye woo'd coy zephyr's transient aid
Under the Banyan's pillar'd shade,[b]
On plain or hill,
Or Plaintain green, that rustling play'd
Across the rill:

'Or 'neath the tam'rind's shelt'ring gloom,
Drank coolness wafted in perfume,
Fresh frae the shaddack's golden bloom,
As flutt'ring gay
Humm'd saft the bird o' peerless plume,[c]
Frae spray to spray!

* ——— seems another morn
Risen on midnoon.——Milton.

'—Whether at eve, wi' raptur'd breast
The shelving palm-girt breach ye prest,
And e'ed entranc'd the purpling west
Bepictur'd o'er,[d]
As ocean murm'ring, gently kiss'd
The whitening shore:

'Whether at twilight's parting day
Ye held your solemn musing way,
Whar through the gloom in myriad ray
The fire-flies gleam;[e]
And 'thwart the grove in harmless play
The light'nings stream!

'Or, by the moon's bright radiance led,
Room'd late the Guinea-verdur'd glade*
Where tower'd the giant Ceiba's shade;[f]
And, loftier still,
The Cabbage† rears its regal head
Owre palm-crown'd hill.

'Still following close, still whisp'ring near
The muse aye caught your list'ning ear;
'Mid tempest's rage and thunder's rair
Aye cheering sang:—
Touch'd by her hand (unchill'd by fear)
The Harp strings rang.‡

* Guinea grass pasture; See Edward's hist. 8vo. vol. i. p. 186.

† The palmeto royal, or mountain cabbage, from 150 to 200 feet in height: a tree, says Mr. Edwards, which, without doubt, is among the most graceful of all the vegetable creation.

‡ The Second part of 'The Harp' was composed during the author's first passage home from Jamaica.

'Return'd at last frae varied clime,
Whar youth and hope lang tint their time,
Ance mair to Strevlin's height sublime
We wing'd our way;
Ance mair attun'd the rural rhime
On Aichil brae.

'*'Twas then my native strains ye lear'd,
For passion spake while fancy cheer'd;
And while wi' flaunting airs ye flar'd
And thought to shine;
But Nature—judging nature sneer'd
And ca'd it—*fine!*

'Stung wi' the taunt, ye back recoil'd,
Pensive ye mus'd; I mark'd and smil'd;
Daund'ring depress'd 'mang knows flower'd wild,
My aten reed
Ye faund ae bonny morning mild
'Tween Ayre and Tweed.

'*'Tween past'ral Tweed and wand'ring Ayr,
Whar unbusk'd nature blooms sae fair!
And mony a wild note saft and clear
Sings sweet by turns,
Tun'd by my winsome Allan's† ear
And fav'rite Burns.

'Trembling wi' joy ye touch'd the reed,—
Doubtfu' ye sigh'd and hang your head;

* The author's first attempts in Scottish poetry were the composing of words to some of our most simple pastoral and Gaelic airs. The success induced him afterwards, to attempt, in the same dialect, subjects of more importance.

† Allan Ramsay.

Fearfu' ye sang till some agreed
The notes war true;
When grown mair bauld, ye gae a screed
That pleas'd nae few.*

'By Forth's green links bedeck'd wi' flowers,†
By Clyde's clear stream and beechen bowers;‡
Heartsome and healthfu' flew the hours
In simple sang,
While Lossit's§ braes and Eden's§ towers
The notes prolang!

'—Thae times are gane!—ah! welladay!
For health has flown wi' spirits gay;
Youth too has fled! and cauld decay
Comes creeping on:
October's sun cheers na like May
That brightly shone!

'Yet autumn's gloom, though threat'ning bleak,
Has joys, gin folk cam joys wad seek;
Friendship and worth then social cleek
And twine thegither,
And gree and crack by ingle cheek
Just like twin-brither.

'Tis then (youth's vain vagaries past,
That please a while, but fash at last)

* Alluding to the uncommon sale of '*Will and Jean*,' which, in less than seven weeks after publication, went through five editions of 1500 copies each. Fourteen editions were thrown off before the expiration of a twelvemonth.

† Stirling. ‡ Glasgow.

§ *Lossit*, in Cantyre, Argyleshire, where some of the songs, from their resemblance to the Gaelic, were particularly relished. They were afterwards set to music and published in Edinburgh.

Serious, our ee we backward cast
On bygane frays,
And, marvelling, mourn the thriftless waste
O' former days!

'Then too, wi' prudence on our side,
And moral reasoning for our guide,
Calmly we view the restless tide
O' warldly care,
And cull, wi' academic pride,
The flow'rs o' lare.

'And while, wi' sure and steady pace,
Coy science' secret paths we trace,
And catch fair nature's beauteous face
In varied view,
Ardent, though auld, we join the chace,
And pleas'd pursue.—

''Tis sae through life's short circling year,
The seasons change, and changing cheer,
Journeying we jog, unaw'd by fear:
Hope plays her part!
Forward we look, though in the rear
Death shakes the dart.

'Catch then the dream! nor count it vain,
Hope's dream's the sweetest balm o' pain:
Heav'n's unseen joys may yet remain,
And yet draw near ye:
Meanwhile, ye see, I hear your mane,
And flee to cheer ye.

'And too's at hand, to wham ye fled
Frae Britain's cauld, frae misery's bed;
Owre seas tempestuous shivering sped,
To Friendship's flame;
Whar kindling warm, in sunbeams clad,
She hails her Graham.*

'Wi' him (let health but favouring smile)
Ance mair ye'll greet fair Albion's isle!
In some calm nook life's cares beguile
Atween us twa:
Feed the faint lamp wi' virtue's oil—
Then— slip awa!'

The flatterer ceas'd, and smil'd adieu,
Just wav'd her hand, and mild withdrew!
Cheer'd wi' the picture (fause or true)
I check'd despair,
And frae that moment made a vow
To—mourn nae mair.

* John Graham, Esq. of Three Mile River, Jamaica; under whose kind and hospitable roof the present poem was composed.

NOTES.

NOTE a, p. 394, l. 13.

'Fresh from pimento's groves that grew.'

'THE pimento trees grow spontaneously, and in great abundance, in many parts of Jamaica, but more particularly on hilly situations near the sea, on the northern side of the island, where they form the most delicious groves that can possibly be imagined, filling the air with fragrance, and giving reality, though in a very distant part of the globe, to our great poet's descriptions of those balmy gales which convey to the delighted voyager

"Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the bless'd.
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old ocean smiles."

I do not believes that there is, in all the vegetable creation, a tree of greater beauty than a young pimento. The trunk, which is of a grey colour, smooth and shining, and altogether free of bark, rises to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. It then branches out on all sides, richly clothed with leaves of a deep green, somewhhat like those of the bay tree; and these, in the month of July and

August, are beautifully contrasted and relieved by an exuberance of white flowers. It is remarkable, that the leaves are equally fragrant with the fruit; and, I am told, yield in distillation a delicate odoriferous oil, which is very commonly used in the medical dispensaries of Europe for oil of cloves.' *Edward's Hist. of the West Indies*, 8vo. vol. ii. p. 297.

NOTE b, p. 394, l. 19.

'Under the banyan's pillar'd shade.'

'This monarch of the woods,' says Mr. Edwards, in his elegant history, 'whose empire extends over Asia and Africa, as well as the tropical parts of America, is described by our divine poet with great exactness.

> "The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
> But such as at this day to Indians known
> In Malabar and Decan, spreads his arms,
> Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
> The bearded twigs take root and daughters grow
> Above the mother tree; a pillar'd shade
> High over-arched, and echoing walks between."
> *Paradise Lost*, book ix.

It is called in the East Indies, the "banyan tree." Mr. Marsden gives the following account of the dimensions of one near Mangee, twenty miles west of Patna in Bengal. Diameter, 363 to 375 feet; circumference of the shadow at noon, 1116 feet;

circumference of the several stems, in number fifty or sixty, 621.' *Hist. Sumatra*, p. 131.

NOTE c, 394, l. 27.

'Humm'd soft the bird o' peerless plume.'

'The humming bird, the most beautiful as well as the most diminutive of the feather'd race, is fond of building its nest in the tamarind, orange, or bastard cedar-tree; on account, I should suppose, of the superabundance of their shade. The nest is made with particular art and beauty. The workmanship, indeed, is no less exquisite than wonderful, and seem to be, in an essential manner, adapted as the residence of this interesting and lovely bird.' *Beckford's Descriptive Account of the Island of Jamaica.* —For a more particular description, see vol. i. p. 363, 8vo. edition of the same work.

NOTE d, p. 395, l. 4.

'Bepictur'd o'er.'

The following very animated, though inflated description of a tropical sky at sunset, is taken from the same author:—'Of the picturesque representation of the clouds in Jamaica, there is an allmost daily and unspeakable variety; and the sunset of that climate has charms to arrest the regard,

and fix the attention of every beholder. At this period, when the sun-beams linger on the mountains, and seem reluctantly to withdraw their glories from the plain; when they just begin to die away in the horizon, or glitter by reflection upon the trembling wave;—what delightful appearances, or glowing with lustre, or softened by shade, may not be imagined or lamented in the evanescent clouds of that warm and vapoury region! What imaginary islands, with all the discriminations of hill and dale, of light and gloom, of bays and promontories, of rocks and woods, of rivers and seas, may not be traced in the transcendently beautiful skies of that fervent climate, and treasured up for future embellishments, by those who study nature, and who delight to copy her charms, not only in her elevation, but decline!' vol. i. p. 80.

NOTE e, p. 395, l. 10.

'The fire-flies gleam.'

'In the mountains and interior parts of the larger islands, innumerable fire-flies abound at night, which have a surprising appearance to a stranger. They consist of different species, some of which emit a light, resembling a spark of fire, from a globular prominence near each eye; and others from their sides, in the act of respiration. They are far more luminous than the glow-worm, and fill the air on all sides, like so many living stars, to the

great astonishment of a traveller unaccustomed to the country. In the day-time they disappear.' *Edward's Hist.* vol. i. p. 8.

NOTE f, p. 395, l. 15.

'Where tower'd the giant Ceiba's shade.'

'What European forest has ever given birth to a stem equal to that of the Ceiba (or wild cotton tree,) which alone, simply rendered concave, has been known to produce a boat capable of containing one hundred persons?' *Edward's Hist.* vol. i. p. 15.

JUL 6 1937